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ROBERT G. SHERRILL

The Rockefeller-Lindsay Feud

GABE PRESSMAN

SPOKESMEN FOR THE BLACKS

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LETTERS

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Syracuse, N.Y.

DEAR SIRS: To supplement what was not reported in the Establishment press about the Oct. 21st Washington demonstration, one should take note of the following: (1) Several of the young troops tried to defect to peace. (2) The Pentagoners quickly released a news bulletin at a press conference to the effect that the peace demonstrators used tear gas on the militia! (3) Scores of young people made it their thing to clean up the debris both at the Lincoln Memorial and at the Pentagon. (4) Photographers completely ignored me, with my graying hair, Brooks Brothers suit and Burberry coat.

Robert Seidenberg, M.D.

a pat for Percy

Wilmette, Ill.

DEAR SIRS: Your editorial "Profiles in Opportunism" in the Oct. 23rd issue was too harsh on Senator Percy. I agree with the point that Percy should follow through on his proposed resolution concerning Vietnam. . . . And there is no doubt that the Senator's activity that produced your wrath represents a regression on his part. But I am satisfied, as of now, that our new Illinois Senator . . . represents the best that the Republican Party has to offer with respect to any decent alternative to the Johnson Administration in foreign policy. He may even be a more intelligent alternative on the Johnson domestic program, assuming there is one any more. . . . I speak from personal knowledge, as well as on the basis of the public record. . . .

Give him a paternal spanking when he deserves it, but do not turn his picture to the wall. Percy may be our one real hope for a return of America to sanity.

Harry Barnard

source of quote

Regina, Canada

DEAR SIRS: Alexander Werth, in his review, "The Middle East Ulcer" (*The Nation*, Oct. 2) . . . alleges that the "head of the Palestinian Arabs"—there actually is no such person and that is one of the problems—wants to "exterminate in Israel every man, woman and child the way Hitler did."

A similar quotation was circulated in Great Britain in the early summer. A challenge published in a leading British newspaper as to its authenticity has gone unanswered. No one knows who made such a statement, when he made it, or who heard it originally. I very strongly suspect that . . . it was manufactured in Israel in late May and presented to news correspondents who have long depended on very partisan sources for translations of what is said in Arabic broadcasts.

Ray L. Cleveland, Associate Professor of History
University of Saskatchewan

Paris

DEAR SIRS: I was myself skeptical about the "kill every man, woman and child in Israel" statement, even when it appeared in the highly reliable Paris *Monde*; but what convinced me that it must be true is that the Russians (Zhukov, top commentator on international affairs in *Pravda* and Mr. Gromyko's right-hand man at the Soviet foreign ministry), who are pro-Arab and anti-Israel, deplored the fact that Shukairy did "play into the hand of the Israeli hawks" with a statement of this kind.

Alexander Werth

EDITORIALS

The Maid Servant

Until World War I, the British aristocracy had no servant problem. Loyal, efficient, well-mannered butlers, cooks, housekeepers, et al., were always available. We know how lamentably this situation has changed for the British gentleman, but in politics it has not changed at all. The Labour Party, however defiant it may sound, can be relied upon to clean up whatever mess the Tories may choose to make, and to do this time after time. Harold Wilson has just done it with the devaluation of the pound, and the American press—which hates the very name of labor, whether spelled with a *u* or not—is even more jubilant than the Tories.

The sequence is almost ritualistic. The Tories open the vents, the economy booms a bit. The voters are happy; many still have a filial feeling toward the Establishment—good old Winston, etc. But shortly things get out of hand; given Britain's depleted place in the world and its overcommitments it could hardly be otherwise. The voters bare their teeth and call on Labour. A government is accordingly formed and sets to work in the Augean stables. But there is no magical remedy—no river that Hercules can divert. To save the pound, sacrifices must be made. The voters are even more dissatisfied than they were with the Tories, and the Tories come back. Another cycle has been started and will follow its predestined course.

The irony in the present episode is that Harold Wilson is a far better economist than are most politicians. The question arises: why didn't he devalue shortly after taking office and blame the necessity, fairly enough, on his predecessor? The answer probably is that he could not. Labour had a very small margin in the House and to govern at all probably had to make commitments which tied Mr. Wilson's hands. As always, the temptation to maintain the special relationship with the United States proved irresistible. For reasons that must be deeply embedded in the British psyche, the Tories always seem to handle Washington better than Labour can. And Washington prefers its opposite numbers to be Conservative—which is one reason the latter can do a better job. Then, also, every government makes mistakes, and Labour is no exception. Wilson fuzzed up the Common Market possibilities, such as they were. He held on too long to Britain's top-heavy military commitments. He set aside a popularly elected government in British Guiana, messed up Rhodesia, and is pulling out of Aden too late and without proper advance planning. Labour's misfortunes are partly Labour's fault—but only partly.

Devaluation is not a solution, only a palliative. It does afford a respite: it will help bring domestic consumption down and increase the opportunities for export. But it is no substitute for the kind of radical political surgery that Britain requires, and has required throughout the postwar period. This is not to imply manning the barricades, but it does call for a tough reconstruction of the economy, a realistic policy toward the United States (which is no special friend of Britain when the hands-across-the-sea

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sentimentality is discarded), a further cutback in military spending, an effort to develop trade with the Socialist countries, and other difficult operations. Can a parliamentary democracy impose such harsh discipline on itself?

Democracy is on trial everywhere, but in Britain its dilemma is most crucial, and the Tory-Labour cycle, with Labour always on the dirty end, can be repeated once too often. Given a crisis in which that technique brings no results, the voters might be stampeded into measures more perilous.

Pianissimo Persuasion

All modern wars have their public relations aspect—the soldiers, and the folks back home, need to have their morale jazzed up at frequent intervals in order that they may sacrifice their lives and comfort more or less willingly. In the case of Vietnam, there has been very little sacrificing except by the troops; nevertheless it is probably the most unpopular war in which the United States has ever engaged. Heroic public relations efforts have been applied, but the harder the PR boys have tried to sell the war, the more resistant has the public become. The succession of generals and ambassadors is now mostly forgotten—who remembers General Harkins (1963: the war will be won "within a year") or Ambassador Nolting (likewise 1963: "South Vietnam is on its way to victory over the Communist guerrillas.")?

The cheery statements of Gen. Maxwell Taylor—and Secretary McNamara—are of more recent memory; perhaps on that account current pep talk is pitched in a lower key. The President chats with General Westmoreland ("Westy"), who exudes quiet optimism. It is so quiet, indeed, that it can hardly be called optimism: all he says is that within two years "we might phase down the level of our commitment." On the other hand, it might be only a token. When you come down to it, Westy hasn't said anything at all, but has done manful duty in the soft salesmanship the Administration has decided to impose on the people. In the meantime, he wants more troops—and of course warns against a bombing pause.

Ambassador Bunker also contributes his moiety of encouragement: "We are making steady, not spectacular, progress." Such assurances probably produce a mild lift in the mood of the man in the street. Things can't be altogether bad when such big shots fly such long distances to bring him tidings of victory, albeit in the indefinite future. The Republicans listen and say nothing. They are pretty sure that the war will still be raging up to and beyond Election Day, and that Mr. Johnson's conduct of it will be the overriding issue of the campaign. In the meantime, let him and his emissaries talk: no one can say that the Republican Party wasn't bipartisan—at least until votes were at stake.

There is a big difference, it should be noted, between public relations and press relations. When addressing the press, the persuaders deal with people who know something of what is going on. Some of the press people are very skeptical. In the *New York Post*, for instance, Clayton Fritchey juxtaposes a list of statements by government spokesmen with news items that are flatly contradictory.

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Richard Dudman, writing from Washington in the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* starts off his November 12 report with: "Serious doubts have arisen over the accuracy and significance of the facts and figures that lie behind current rosy official estimates of how the Vietnam war is going." He points out that North Vietnam has committed only a small part of its army, conceded to be the best in Southeast Asia. In the South, the population is growing at the rate of 500,000 a year, and with at least a third of the country under Vietcong control, the guerrillas will not be running out of manpower next month, or next year either.

To those who are hungry for good news, the pronouncements of Westmoreland and Bunker may offer surface reassurance. But anyone who looks hard at their statements, and at earlier ones—anyone who scans the evidence to the contrary—will be more inclined to agree with the opinion of Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield, supposedly an Administration supporter: "We should not delude ourselves by such phrases as a 'phase-down'. . . . Rather, we should face up to the very strong possibility that the war . . . may well take years and require, as it has heretofore required, additional inputs of American forces. . . ." To the same effect, Sen. George D. Aiken protests against optimistic forecasts and says that in the Senate cloakrooms rumors of a further substantial build-up are heard—and possibly even wage, price and materials controls.

In short, the credibility is not improved by the PR sell, hard or soft. The gap still widens.

'Scavengers of the Press'

The Johnson Administration is trying to cheer up the public; does it perhaps need some cheering up itself? At his last press conference the President adopted a new swinging style calculated to persuade the most skeptical. Hanging a microphone around his neck, he trotted about the stage, waved his arms, and tried to convince by sheer activity if not by content. But will this simulation of a medicine show allay the spreading doubts at GHQ?

"Capital Malaise" is the title of a November 8 story in *The Wall Street Journal,* under the by-line of Henry Gemmill. As everyone in the news industry knows, the *Journal* has the resources and the will to do a reporting job second to none. In this case it sent twenty reporters of the paper's Washington bureau around the cocktail circuit and elsewhere to assess the private mood of the Administration, which could conceivably turn out to be quite different from what officials say it is when a newsman asks them to talk for publication. Some officials were still smiling, and Gemmill cautions that Americans need not fear that their government is teetering on the brink of nervous breakdown; nevertheless he senses neurosis in the findings.

Frustration and depression are always present to some degree in a bureaucracy. But in the last couple of years, Gemmill writes, feelings of inadequacy "have spread by imperceptible degrees until now they suddenly seem dominant. In their darker depths, distortions of mood are producing some odd behavior."

One official has such a fear that other officials may trick him into a position where the Johnson lightnings will strike him down that he insists on witnesses to telephone conversations and an electronic warning system to steer him away from dangerous topics. Some bureaucrats work too hard; others have given up working at all. Among the super-workers is a top civilian assistant to Secretary McNamara. At 8 A.M. he is at his desk, and not until 7 P.M. does he prepare to leave, no doubt with a bulging briefcase. But his heart isn't in it. He is convinced his boss "has violated his own logic and for mere political reasons has gone along with the President both on continued bombing of North Vietnam and on constructing an anti-missile system. He contends the Secretary should have resigned rather than swallow these 'insincere' policies." This fellow must have been reading *The Nation,* which kept repeating this advice to McNamara until the editors themselves became tired of it.

Gemmill goes on in this vein; it is painful reading. Nobody likes the President, except, of course, Lady Bird and the girls. The quit-rate would be very high, but people don't like to desert a sinking ship. About one thing there can be no doubt: the malaise can be traced back predominantly to the war. In this sense, LBJ is being punished for his violation of campaign pledges. If he had eased off on the war instead of escalating it, he would be subjected only to the normal wear and tear of his office.

That *The Wall Street Journal* hit an exposed nerve is obvious from the counterattack of Labor Secretary Willard Wirtz, normally a cool man. He referred to the *Journal*'s highly professional observers as "scavengers of the press." He declared that the Administration's big happy family was proud "to work for America—under the leadership of Lyndon Johnson and Hubert Humphrey." But isn't that a contradiction of aims? Everybody would be proud to work for America, but how can you do that and also work for a President who has hornswoggled the country into an unconscionable war?

LBJ is reputed to be a great political maestro, and in one sense he is. He knows party politics, Texas style, and functioned brilliantly as majority leader of the Senate. But as Walter Lippmann has pointed out, this is a *Presidential* country, and the fact is that as a *national* leader Mr. Johnson is a washout. That is one reason why the *Journal* survey stands up, the war being the other. More exactly, the two reasons are one. And the cure is as obvious as the disease.

The Miscasting of Shirley

California voters show an unusual weakness for entertainment figures, having recently elected two actors, George Murphy and Ronald Reagan, to high office. Therefore, the question that everyone asked when Shirley Temple Black entered the special run-off election in San Mateo County this fall was whether some pattern was taking shape whereby movie stars could grab whatever political plums caught their attention. Mrs. Black's resounding defeat at the hands of Pete McCloskey, a 39-year-old lawyer who is a lieutenant colonel in the Marine Reserves and a dove on Vietnam, seems to have answered that question for the time being. Now there will be a run-off be-

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tween McCloskey and a Democrat, Roy Archibald, for the House seat. McCloskey is almost sure to win.

Several explanations can be offered for the repudiation of Shirley Temple. An entertainment candidacy seems more successful in state-wide elections, where candidates can be marketed more effectively. In smaller races a number of local issues must be confronted, the voters have more information and can't be as easily hypnotized. Also, unlike the Reagan and Murphy elections, there was an acceptable alternative to the voters within the GOP. There may also have been some anti-movie-star backlash.

In addition, Mrs. Black's campaign was remarkable for her contemptuous attitudes toward political debate and contact with the voters. She really didn't campaign. She entered the race late and "presented herself" to selected admirers in carfully staged situations. She took this easy road, probably, because she assumed that she didn't have to bother —that her name would be enough.

Then, her positions turned out to be much more unpopular than she expected. She guessed wrong on Vietnam (she was a fierce hawk, dropping remarks to the effect that the bombs hadn't even started falling) and she overestimated the power of backlash. She was much more subtle than Mrs. Hicks of Boston but people knew where she stood, and a large number of them didn't like it. It was possible to cross party barriers in this election and many Democrats voted for McCloskey to block Shirley Temple. There are 117,000 Democrats and 97,000 Republicians in San Mateo County, but 114,000 Republican votes were cast.

The San Mateo election has disproportionate significance as far as policy on Vietnam is concerned. Between the large vote for Proposition "P" in San Francisco (urging that we get out of Vietnam immediately) and the McCloskey victory in San Mateo County, there's plenty for President Johnson to think about.

Funny Money

The Nation has information that the Brown Foundation, Inc., of Houston, Tex., set up by the late Herman Brown and his brother George R. Brown and others, has been channeling big money into at least one Central Intelligence Agency conduit foundation and into at least one organization partly supported by the CIA. If it was not inevitable, at any rate it is not surprising, to discover that the founders of Brown & Root—the giant construction firm that for years has been the closest financial ally of Lyndon Johnson—is a patron of the CIA spies.

In fiscal 1963 the Brown Foundation gave $50,000 and in fiscal 1964 it gave $150,000 to the American Friends of the Middle East, a pro-Arab and anti-Zionist organization whose CIA ties were first disclosed in *The Nation* ("The Beneficent CIA" by Robert G. Sherrill, May 9, 1966).

In fiscal 1963 the Brown Foundation also gave $150,000 to the Vernon Fund. The Brown Foundation's returns, as filed with the Internal Revenue Service, show a gift of $100,000 in 1964 to the "Verda Fund," but the IRS's Cumulative List does not record any such organization, and "Verda" is virtually certain to have been a stenographer's blunder in writing Vernon. (No accounting later than 1964 has been made public by the Brown Foundation.) The Brown Foundation thus becomes by far the largest contributor to the Vernon Fund, which during the CIA-foundation exposures earlier this year was shown to be in the CIA money pipe line.

This brings to at least seven the number of CIA-conduit foundations known to be operating now or in the recent past out of Texas, the others being the San Jacinto Foundation, the Marshall Foundation, the Anderson Foundation, the Hoblitzelle Foundation, the Jones-O'Donnell Foundation and the Hobby Foundation, operated by Oveta Culp Hobby, former Secretary of HEW under Eisenhower, and her son William Hobby, Jr., executive editor of the *Houston Post*. Both are personal and political friends of the President; Hobby has said he was "proud to serve the CIA and would do it again."

From the few facts known to the public there is no indication that Texas-based foundations are any more susceptible to romancing by the CIA than are those based in other areas. But inasmuch as Congressman Wright Patman, the U.S. House of Representatives' most aggressive foundations critic, is from Texas, and inasmuch as the Hobbys and the Browns and some of the other rich foundation founders in that state are personal friends of his, he might find it easy as well as illuminating to turn his questions upon them.

In the eight months that have elapsed since the CIA was discovered to have polluted the world of the foundations, neither the IRS nor Patman has shown any interest in discovering just how deeply the spies have penetrated the supposedly charitable organizations. Patman's investigations into charity, like charity itself, should begin at home. He might even tell us what good works have been supported lately by the Lyndon Johnson Foundation, established a few years ago by the President.

'Soap Opera,' Denver Style

"Soap opera," sponsored by a university and financed by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, is something new. The University of Denver has such a project going in cooperation with KRMA-TV, the area's noncommercial station. The purpose is to show the poor how to achieve a better life, and the unspoken assumption is that their households will have TV, whether there is food in the house or not.

Eight weekly programs are being written and produced by university graduate students in cooperation with TV personnel. Most of the actors are from minority groups; the stories are drawn from real life, particularly those about public housing projects.

The "commercials" explain how to get a job; how to improve health, how to spend money wisely, etc.

Welfare workers tell their clients of the programs, distribute notices and pay some recipients to watch the programs and tell others of them. A survey will be conducted later to find out how effective the programs were and which approaches were best.

The format has been tried in Latin America, but this seems its first use in the United States.

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ANATOMY OF A HANGUP

LAST WORD ON THE HIPPIES

HANS TOCH

Mr. Toch, professor of psychology at Michigan State University, is at present visiting professor of criminal justice at State University of New York, Albany. He is the author of Social Psychology of Social Movements *(Bobbs-Merrill) and the editor of* Legal and Criminal Psychology *(Holt, Rinehart & Winston).*

We view the American press in 1967, the year of its Discovery of the Hippie. The scene is San Francisco. A young assistant editor of *Look* magazine, with newly grown matted hair, sparse light beard, eye patch, necklace, lapel buttons, ornamental hat and old clothes, is being interviewed by a lady reporter, who—surprisingly enough—has mistaken him for just another news item. The pretend-hippie listens to her "sexual and bizarre" questions. He is sufficiently offended to permit himself to be interviewed, and to concoct a scintillating confession. He recalls fondly that the lady "left, satisfied and smacking her lips." Meanwhile, somewhere in the vicinity, another lady, representing *The Saturday Evening Post,* takes up temporary residence and makes "a few friends." These provide her with an inside view so exclusive as to make her skeptical of colleagues (including reporters from *Look)* whom she observes "largely interviewing one another." The lady tells us that *Time*'s cover story on hippies rests on serious misinterpretations, stemming from an inability to bridge the generation gap. That is sad, for *Time* had tried hard. To secure its story, it sent one reporter into battle "wearing, in various combinations, faded old Nebraska levis, a red mini-dress and an unwashed London Fog raincoat"; another appeared with her arms "ornamented hippie style with Day Glo paints," and a third, male, was generously overhung with seed beads. To insure authenticity, *Time*'s story was ultimately put together by a writer who "had tried the beatnik thing himself," when young.

The hippie revolt, one sees, has been met more than halfway by the press, and the press has been responding—as it usually does—to a public mandate. Extraordinary reporting efforts have been fed by (and have fed into) a wave of public concern, of worry, of debate, of itchy curiosity, that has reached the proportions of a collective obsession. In the glare of this interest, the object of inquiry has been distorted and become hopelessly misunderstood. He has come to serve as a symbol of other people's concerns, has been made into a rarified, idealized composite—a myth. This myth now substitutes for data in discussions of the hippie as a problem, and is reflected in the hippie's view of himself. It has created, in hippie language, a "hangup"—a delusion that inhibits accurate perception and prevents appropriate responses.

Probably the majority of educated Americans have in some degree become victims of the hippie hangup. The condition governs their dealings with hippies, and induces the hippies to play roles they see as prescribed for them.

One of the components of the hangup is the willingness to convert neutral attributes to virtues. Much has been made of the fact that hippies are gentle, harmless and nonviolent. Their avoidance of entirely hypothetical dangers, such as wholesale freak-outs, epidemics and crimes, has been invoked as impressive. Abstention from alcohol is accepted as an index of purity. This orientation allows the hippie to express hostility in circuitous ways. He knows that if he "plays it cool" he can play it with impunity, and he masters the art of operating on the safe side of anti-social limits. Worse, he becomes adept at exploiting outsiders while repudiating and victimizing them. The despised tourist is trained to pay with an indulgent smile for libels directed at him; police officers can be harassed while being forced to act the part of persecutor.

Several incidents come to mind. One of them occurred at a press conference following the opening of a hippie art exhibit in a fashionable San Francisco gallery (a thumping commercial success). Columnist Merla Zellerbach transcribed in the *San Francisco Chronicle* an excerpt from this session with the hippie exhibitors:

> Q. Do you feel that by having this show you might be selling out?
> *Laughter.*
> Q. Is there any danger of your being ostracized by your community?
> *Laughter.*
> Q. Is the motivation strictly money or are you serious about this?
> *Laughter.*

Her report continues:

> Finally, one of the artists gave an answer—an "answer" more contrived, more unoriginal, more pat than any of the questions.
>
> "We're not talking the same. There's a gap between us."
>
> Another artist spoke: "Is it really that hard to understand art works?"
>
> And another: "Are your ties uncomfortable?"

This type of interaction, in which the feeding hand is bitten while the feeder remains helpless, becomes possible because hippies are exempted from social amenities, and because their expression of hostility is sanctioned in its customary guise of eccentricity.

More ambiguous is the hippie gambit of expressing contempt with displays of helpfulness, and even solicitous affection. It is, of course, difficult to prove that any given instance of suspected irony is not in fact an act of saintliness or a singular propensity for turning the other cheek. However, we have some supporting information from the hippies themselves, who tend to be voluble in expressing contempt for the people whom they smother with love. They also make no secret of their attempts at forceful conversion, justified, presumably, on the ground that the merits of hippie life are self-evident.

The technique of offensive solicitude encouraged by the hippie hangup is illustrated by the retaliation against

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New York City police officers who participated in the much publicized Battle of Tompkins Square. After resorting to every other form of protest, hippies descended on the police precinct, with (*1*) offers to paint dirty walls; (*2*) requests for permission to wash squad cars; (*3*) the proposal of a picnic for officers' children and (*4*) the promise of a Montovani record concert for the precinct (no hippie would be caught dead listening to Montovani himself). It is no accident that this campaign made the police look foolish and advanced the cause of hippies among hangup victims.

A similar venture was the invasion of the New York Stock Exchange, which to hippies symbolizes the worst features of the Establishment. A contingent of flower children, having first made sure of press coverage, dramatized their economic views by throwing shredded money from the visitors' gallery onto the exchange floor. "We just want to make a loving gesture to these people," a spokesman declared, with a straight face. Some brokers and clerks "smiled and blew kisses" at the hippies; others "jeered, shouted, pointed fingers and shook their fists." The hippie hangup accommodates both reactions: amused victims are classified as converts; those who become helplessly enraged are categorized as bigots and boors, undeserving of sympathy. The hippies can thus insure in advance the success of their harassments and demonstrations of contempt.

A second aberration of the hangup asserts that hippies are the vanguard of trends in our society, harbingers of change who speak for the young generation. Pronouncements by hippie spokesmen are sought in a diversity of contexts. Conclaves ranging from Great Issues seminars to police conferences and psychiatric meetings enlighten themselves on such topics as the State of the Movement, the Bankruptcy of American Society and the Dilemma Facing Youth. Other conferences talk *about* hippies. The Associated Press reports that at a recent congress of planners in Washington "speaker after speaker from the list of sixty-five conference participants dwelt in their talks on the hippies."

Also current among hippie hangup victims is the masochistic theme, "Hippies Are Our Values Come Home To Roost." A *New York Times* report, for instance, opens with: " 'The evil is in Greenwich and Great Neck, not in Greenwich Village,' a psychoanalyst said here yesterday." *Time*'s cover story divulges that "many hippie attitudes represent only a slight and rather engaging distortion of the Protestant Ethic that they purport to reject." Statements vary in degree of favorableness and in the specificity of the cause they isolate. Some social scientists who see every form of deviation from murder to drug addiction as the product of a dominant-mother-weak-father home, apply their formula to hippies; some moralists with a propensity toward sweeping negative characterizations of our society identify hippies as a corollary of the American nightmare; some pacifists readily trace hippiedom to the Vietnamese crisis, and some opponents of President Johnson see ample reason for a universal trend toward "dropping out" in the conduct of his Administration. The common feature of such statements is the implication that we cannot assign any causal significance or responsibility to the hippies for shaping their own actions or inactions.

Another frequently encountered aspect of the hangup is its tendency to take slight but important liberties with hippie ideology, in order to portray the hippie as a quasi-revolutionary or a quasi-saint or a quasi-social critic, or to transform him into some equally palatable stereotype. The conclusion then can be drawn that a few additional minute changes in philosophy or behavior could direct the movement into promising channels. The following article, quoted *in toto* from *The New York Times*, shows the ubiquity of this tendency:

> The communist party newspaper Pravda has urged hippies to be good revolutionaries.
>
> "The hippies are out to change the base and foul world in which Americans now live," Yuri Zhukov, a Pravda commentator, wrote in an article from New York.
>
> Unlike the beatniks, the hippies "do not have the feeling that atomic death is inevitable. They do not simply reject modern American society—they want to change it," Mr. Zhukov said.

It is easy to transform hippies into Noble Dissenters, because they are so conspicuously noble, and because they so obviously dissent. Their nobility is implicit in their tender age, in their dripping sincerity, and in their amateur status. Their dissent is wholesale, and thus permits the highlighting of almost any aspect of society that might evoke disgust or merit protest. And paradoxically, much of what hippies say is also noncontroversial, even for the vaguely enlightened spectator. This propensity of hippies to voice truisms garbed as protests has been neatly captured by Arthur Hoppe in the *San Francisco Chronicle* in a column dealing with a mythical group called the "Happies":

> "We have discovered something called Love," [the Happies] announced proudly. "We have invented something called Individual Freedom. We care not what an intolerant, bigoted, hypocritical society may think. All we ask is to be left alone."
>
> So all the Happies wore striped bathing suits to signify Individual Freedom, dandelions in their hair to symbolize Love, and bones in their noses because they felt they should return to the simple ways of the Cro-Magnon Man. They also ate great quantities of Happiness Pills to make them happy. Which they were.

What has not been obvious to the hangup victim is that the hippies are not eager to relinquish their copyright on the obvious, and that they resent endorsements from outsiders. Hoppe characterizes this reaction:

> Where at first they had diffidently offered their doctrines as personal opinion, they now preached them vociferously as divine revelation.
>
> "Anybody who wears a tie instead of a striped bathing suit is an up-tight, know-nothing enemy of Individual Freedom!" they said bigotedly.
>
> "Anybody who hasn't taken a Happiness Pill can't talk about happiness!" they said intolerantly.
>
> "Anybody who doesn't practice Love the way we practice Love is to be despised!" they said hypocritically.

Faced with dogmatism and rejection, the hangup victim preserves his idealized version of hippiedom by distinguishing "real" hippies (whose attributes he can defend) from "quasi-hippies." One common basis for

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Punch: Ben Roth

"I'm Filled With Love for the Whole World! Except, Of Course, for my Own Lousy Parents"

differentiation is the amount of time invested in being a hippie. "Weekend" or "summer" hippies are universally excluded from the "real" hippie category; older hippies or very young hippies are sometimes deprived of legitimacy; completely unemployed or conspicuously "straight" hippies are also disenfranchised, as are hippies who are excessively organized or unduly alienated. Hung-up observers habitually view their own hippie informants as models of orthodoxy. Henry Brandon, writing in the *Saturday Review,* tells us that

> the true hippies—and I consider my favorite hippy a true one—who were in revolt against the greed of a materialistic society, who resent the abuses of affluence, are suddenly disenchanted by the failure of their own hippy society, which more and more are joining—"just for kicks."

The advantage of distinguishing between "real" and "pseudo" hippies is that it provides an observer unlimited opportunity for projecting into hippies almost any attribute he considers desirable. If the object is to depict hippies as a contributing community, the kibbutz may be defined as the prototype of hippiedom *(Time* thus points out that "the new-found trip of work and responsibility reflected in the Morning Star experiment is perhaps the most hopeful development in the hippie philosophy to date"); if the object is to emphasize alienation, the same manifestation of "work and responsibility" can be explained away as un-hippie. ("The hippies are becoming more and more organized," Martin Arnold states in *The New York Times,* ". . . if this trend continues, the hippies won't be hippies anymore, hippie admirers feel.") The same discrimination can be applied to political sophistication, artistic productivity, spirituality, spontaneity, etc., according to whatever functions the stereotype of the hippie is required to serve. Sometimes hangup victims define hippies away altogether, by proclaiming that a hippie apprenticeship is a salutary but passing phase in the evolution of a contemporary youth.

A final attribute of the hangup victim is a propensity to caricature opposition to hippiedom, with the implication that admiration is to be equated with sophistication. The opposition may be saddled with a membership of narrow-minded politicians, arch-conservatives, old-line police officers and senile octogenarians; a favorable attitude, conversely, may be deemed to imply open-mindedness, love of freedom and a tolerance of deviation, particularly in the young.

In fact, the unambiguously anti-hippie faction has been very much in the minority. It seems to take two distinct forms. One is the visceral reaction, such as that of the police officer who confessed to *The New York Times* that "The hippies have the men more aggravated than anything else. You feel like vomiting." Lesser degrees of physical aversion are typified by an article in *U.S. News & World Report*: "The hippie is easy to spot. In most cases, he needs a shave, a haircut and a bath. He makes every effort to look bizarre." To prove such assumptions, some reporters develop considerable skill at diagnosing unwashed feet and unlaundered clothes; their interviews are designed to match, and tend to elicit anti-parental diatribes and accounts of drug peddling.

The other, intellectual, end of the anti-hippie spectrum quarrels with interpretations of hippie philosophy. One ingenious position, for instance, is that of the orthodox theologian Will Herberg who, writing in the *National Review,* reveals that the hippies are a revival of the Adamites, a nudist branch of the early Christian church. Herberg is especially offended by the hippie assumption that man is inherently innocent, a premise that denies original sin. Also theologically offensive is hippie advocacy of Love, which "for them is an orgiastic feeling in which they wallow in self-indulgence," as opposed to the "concern and commitment" which conservative theology would prefer to find at the core of positive affect.

This position is especially interesting because probably the most wholehearted endorsement of hippiedom is to be found in the religious press. *Christian Century,* for instance, has published several articles, all either apologetic or eulogistic. In its August 16 issue, historian James Hitchcock informs us that the hippies "preach the ancient message of Christian asceticism."

Hitchcock presents the hippie as a compound of monk, mystic and saint, and credits him with an assortment of other-worldly, meaningful concerns. The point about hippies, he writes, is that they "have directly and seriously injected metaphysical questions into our culture." Several pages later, in the same issue, Norman Gottwald

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graphically depicts hippies as "a bold question mark blazoned over the sharp collision between the practiced and the professed values of American life." The church is expected to respond to the challenge: "Now that the witness of truth arises from hippies and political radicals," writes Gottwald, "we have a new opportunity to embody the gospel's true humanism by taking part in their struggle to be the vanguard of a reconstituted American society."

One of the most revealing statements embodying the premises of the hippie hangup is a book-length sermon entitled *It's Happening* (with the misleading subtitle, "A Portrait of the Youth Scene Today"). The authors of this volume, J. L. Simmons and Barry Winograd, are connected with the University of California, Santa Barbara, and this academic affiliation, particularly since one author is a professional sociologist, implies that the subject will be treated objectively. This proves not to be really the case.

Under the guise of describing hippie ideology, the book relays the myth of the Hippie Revolt against Soul Enslavement. The conflict is presented as a morality play, starring Heroic Hippies, whose "pervasive humanism" accentuates "the value of human beings and human life" (p. 13), who "reject the categorizing and generalizing which is so rampant in our educational system" (p. 15), who rebel against "limitation on directions people can travel and grow" (p. 16), who are "unhappy with compromising Establishment liberals" (p. 18), and who in many cases "are probably stumbling toward what will prove to be more realistic and effective roles which may better fit the upcoming times" (p. 29).

As one might expect, the book devotes considerable discussion to drug use. "Tripping"—we are told—is an ineffable experience (a standard hippie evasion whenever the subject is broached). But the elusive nature of the experience does not curb the eloquent portrayal of its benefit. A trip, we are told, "frees the nervous system," permitting it to operate "in less prefixed fashion." As a result, "one's sensations are most intense and direct." The drug user becomes able to "see things in their intricate complexity"; if he looks at his own life he will see it in a different, broader, less defensive and hidebound way. . . . And if he looks around at his society, he may see through things and games and cozy deals and arbitrary conventions that he was previously taking for granted as valid and natural."

In addition to perpetuating the myth that hallucinations have didactic value and that drug-induced jumbles can somehow sort the real from the apparent, victims of the hippie hangup do not neglect more direct hedonistic rewards. The "psychedelic experience," we are told, "is a time when the senses come alive"—and we are furnished enticing detail.

What seems most interesting about this type of treatment is not its partiality but the seeming ease with which efforts to be fair merge into surrender to an idealized characterization. Clues to more realistic assessment of hippie ideology come to be ignored; when they are spotted, their significance is underestimated.

Why, for instance, is it that hippies "see most every restriction that modern man has devised as a limitation on directions people can travel and grow"? Why is it that for the hippie " 'should' isn't good enough unless coupled with 'want to' "? Whence the compulsion to "turn the world on" or "to force your enemies to become your friends"? These questions are never posed, although to those not subject to the hippie hangup there is nothing self-explanatory about the abrogation of conscience, the rejection of social responsibility, the premise that life is pleasure, and the cavalier rejection of alternative value systems.

There are several groups which, each for its own reasons, have problems with the hippies. One of these is the political activists, who take umbrage at what looks like a hippie indictment of their premises. The activist listens to the hippie denounce the gamut of contemporary evils, with emphasis on the war in Vietnam. He expects such complaints to be followed by action, and the hippie fails to oblige. More than this, the hippie condemns political action; he expounds the powerlessness of the individual in the System, and proclaims the futility of involvement in organizations that always betray their objectives.

This attack hits a nerve because few political efforts are unambiguously successful, and because most result in little tangible gain. There is always the temptation to characterize the opposition as invulnerable, and to adjudge the obstacles as insurmountable; there is always the prospect of temporary retirement, pending a more favorable turn of events.

What is not obvious is that this frame of reference results from psychological limitations rather than from political experience. Senior citizens among hippies often have a history of participation in the New Left, which terminated with the 1966 elections. The political activity ended, not because the "Establishment was unwilling to listen" but because there was no reason why it should have. The lesson of the defeat could have been a realization that too much had been expected at the wrong time, and that aims had been pursued in incorrect fashion. However, the assimilation of this kind of lesson presupposes intellectual flexibility and the willingness to work at remedies. As Jack Newfield has pointed out [*The Nation*, June 26], the political deactivation of hippies is a function of their hedonism and personal impotence. To the extent to which political activists are susceptible to the hippie's appeal, they are insufficiently aware of this fact; and to this extent, they are victims of the hangup.

Another group for whom hippies pose a problem is the underprivileged segment of society, and in particular the Negro. Although one of the key clauses in the hippie's indictment of the "Establishment" is the alleged "betrayal" of the Negro revolt, no love is lost between Negroes and their self-appointed hippie champions. For one thing, it irritates underprivileged people that pampered hippies have the audacity to proclaim themselves the most persecuted minority in America, and that they appear to have support for this claim. (For instance, the ACLU's Washington affiliate certifies hippies as "presently the No. 1 harassed group in the state.") Thousands of persons who daily experience persecution and indignities find

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bitter irony in the momumental debates and apologies following battles between park commissioners and practitioners of "acid rock," or in the front-page headlines publicizing occasional raids (usually forced by complaints) against hippies who boast of violating the law (and who usually regale the arresting officers with lectures about the irrationality of the legal system).

The hippie's status as a privileged, rather than a victimized, member of society is clear to the real victims. Persons exposed to interrogation by cruising officers, or who are frequently ordered off public streets, cannot but see the selectivity of federal suits instituted (and won) on behalf of loudly complaining hippies who have been evicted from a city park in an isolated incident. They must wonder about editorials such as the following from *The New York Times* (June 1):

> The nonconforming—and irritating—youths known as "hippies" were in the wrong. They were sitting on the grass where their permit for a meeting gave them no right to be. They were disturbing many residents of the neighborhood with their bongo drums and Buddhist love chants. They were jeering and insulting to the first policemen who told them to move on.
>
> Annoying as these actions were, however, they hardly called for the heavy concentration of policemen that suddenly moved in, or for the free wielding of nightsticks that ensued. These manifestations of overenthusiasm on the part of the police were totally out of proportion to the trivial nature of the offense. . . .

The hippie's call for services frequently conflicts with the legitimate demands of groups who require these same services to survive. Mark Harris, discussing the Haight-Ashbury community in the *Atlantic Monthly*, notes that "Negro tenants *desired* the attention of the health department, *desired* the attention of agencies whom hippies monopolized with appeals for food and housing for the 'summer of love.' The needs of the Negroes, especially for jobs, appeared to Negroes a great deal more urgent than the needs of white middle-class hippies who had dropped out of affluence to play games of poverty in San Francisco. 'Things should be given away free,' said a Negro man in a public debate, 'to people that *really* need them.' "

The hippie's temporary self-exile into the gutter can be an unconvincing performance to a ghetto audience. "The hippies really bug us," one young Negro explained to a reporter, "because we know they can come down here and play their games for a while and escape." "After the hippies go back to their middle-class homes," declared another Negro observer, "we'll still be here."

The hippie, like his cousin the New Left, has a penchant for assuming that he is spiritually related to people who view him as a freak. At a recent neighborhood "happening," a hippie was assaulted when he shouldered up to a Negro teen-ager and declared his affinity for "soul music." Other well-meaning hippies recently appeared in a Negro housing development in Newark to stage a "be-in," at which they distributed leaflets, flowers and groceries. Their reception was far from enthusiastic. One Negro woman commented to a hippie, "I don't know if it's going to do us any good to have people like you on our side."

In fact, the hippie is not really on the Negro's side. Hippies see any demand for a better life as crassly materialistic and hopelessly middle-class. "Civil rights is a game for squares," one hippie informed Newfield; "why should I demonstrate to get the spades all the things I am rejecting?" Hippies have a romantic attachment to the Negro as an Outsider, but they view him as part of the hated Establishment as soon as he becomes an accepted member of the social order.

What, then, is the positive message of the hippie, stripped of connotations assigned to it by the hangup? It seems that two themes which run through the hippies' world view principally govern their conduct. Both themes permeate almost every aspect of hippie life; but neither is seriously taken into account by victims of the hippie hangup. The first can be described as chronic passivity in relation to the stream of life. Part of what is involved here is a stance of dependence, a willingness to let chance or the conduct of others determine one's fate, a blind confidence that some provision will be made for one's survival and welfare. Descriptions of life in hippie communes, such as a recent article in *The New York Times*, stress that the members never worry about rent money or food; "somehow" these commodities are expected to materialize. *Look*'s William Hedgepeth mentions a pair of hippies who "had less than a dollar between them and were going to be evicted from their pad the next day, along with about 30 others"; the point being that "it didn't seem to bother them." Another of Hedgepeth's hippies had a revealing routine: he would go out and earn money, give it away, and then "come home and mope hungrily until someone gave him some food." Hedgepeth once asked a hippie what time it was and was told, "we never know." Other observers have encountered hippies who are completely disoriented, both in time and space.

The second recurrent theme in the hippie world view is that of irresponsibility, of freedom from obligations. "The general motto in all things," writes Hedgepeth, "is, 'Don't do it if it doesn't groove ya.' " The assumption that one's pleasure is the sole guide to acceptable conduct is elaborately rationalized in ways that appeal to the hippie hangup. One version is that pleasure must have spiritual, transcendental or revolutionary implications. In the words of one female hippie, "Whatever turns me on is a sacrament." Guru Leary has stated the case with more circumlocutions, but the principle is the same.

Another rationalization, more powerful because it appeals to guilt and frustration, and because it builds on the noncontroversial premise that conventions are time bound, equates the social contract with puritanism, responsibility with enslavement, obligations with self-obliteration. The argument maintains that self-indulgence is a principled revolt against conventions designed to destroy the individual who submits to them.

One aspect of this outlook is the hedonistic ethic. Joan Didion, in her *Post* article, relates a conversation with a hippie who expressed extreme pride in his freedom from the customary social amenities:

> I've had this old lady for a couple of months now, maybe she makes something special for my dinner, and I come in three days late and tell her I've been

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Punch: Ben Roth

"I've Got a Son in There Somewhere"

with some other chick, well, maybe she shouts a little but then I say, "That's me, baby." and she laughs and says, "That's you, Max." Max says it works both ways. "I mean, if she comes in and tells me she wants to have Don, maybe, I say, 'OK, baby, it's your trip.' "

This orientation makes relationships self-centered, but does not completely rule out altruistic conduct. Hippies make a point, for instance, of sharing means of subsistence (including drugs) with others. It is no coincidence, however, that the beneficiaries of this altruism are fellow hippies, who can be expected to reciprocate when today's philanthropist becomes tomorrow's mendicant. Altruism thus becomes a kind of insurance. This type of exchange arrangement is described by Erich Fromm as the Ethic of the Marketplace; it is characteristic, according to Fromm, of early stages of social (and individual) development.

The second aspect of irresponsibility removes legitimacy from rules governing individual conduct. Galahad, a New York hippie, states this principle as "God is the only one who makes rules that you can't break." The premise that circumscription is an intolerable imposition—with the evanescent exception of regulations governing man in his natural state—is a personal stratagem, not the philosophical ideal discussed by victims of the hangup. Hippies as individuals reject limitations on their pursuit of pleasure, and eventually learn to defend this action by invoking libertarian and anti-tyrannical slogans. This sequence becomes obvious when hippies discuss their motivations for "dropping out," as in the following interview by Miss Didion:

"My parents said I had to go to church," Debbie says. "And they wouldn't let me dress the way I wanted. In the seventh grade my skirts were longer than anybody's—it got better in eighth grade, but still."

"Your mother was kind of a bummer," Jeff says to her.

"They didn't like Jeff. They didn't like my girlfriends. I had a C average and my father told me I couldn't date until I raised it, and that bugged me a lot too."

"My mother was just a genuine all-American bitch," Jeff says. "She was really troublesome about hair. Also, she didn't like boots. It was really weird."

"Tell about the chores," Debbie says.

"For example, I had chores. If I didn't finish ironing my shirts for the week, I couldn't go out for the weekend. It was weird. Wow."

The average non-adolescent wonders how whims involving seemingly petty activities can turn into matters of such momentous principle. Surely, no one leaves home over issues such as the length of skirts or the haircuts of their friends?

But they do. And on reflection, it is obvious that they must. For it is a fact that what to us are caprices, to the adolescent are the testing grounds of his identity. And what to us are minor interferences, to the adolescent are the symbols of a forced return to childhood. And paradoxically, the problem is especially acute for the permissively brought up, middle-class youngster—a category from which most hippies derive.

Spoiling instills expectations of unfettered freedom and unconditional reward. It insures that the world view from the crib will last undisturbed through sobering experiences that usually overlay infancy with the veneers of civilization. It results in physically mature biological products without the psychological disposition to match—adults who expect to be cared for, who see no occasion to expend effort, who cannot compromise their own desires, who are unable to join in cooperative efforts.

This orientation creates intense problems at adoles-

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cence, the age at which the satellite role of the child must be transmuted into the independent self of the adult, which can be sure of its own existence, which can belong without merging, which can assert without monopolizing, which can give and take without bargaining. The spoiled child feels this need most acutely, because it has learned to regard itself as supremely important. And whereas the spoiled child continues to operate on the assumption that the universe exists to provide him with pleasure, he now also feels that he should be permitted to call the shots.

In other words, the spoiled child's self-perceived status of super-adulthood occasions a strident demand for power and freedom. As the spoiled child sees it, adolescence must bring autonomy without delay or compromise. But at the same time, the spoiled child cannot give up (as it implicitly must) its advantage as a perennial dependent, an object, a passive consumer of the efforts of others, a bloated protoplasm perched in wait for the charitable breast.

The diagnosis of hippiedom as a perpetuation of infancy would come as no surprise to the hippies themselves. Hippies constantly refer to themselves—both literally and metaphorically—as young. The very term "flower children" carries this connotation. So do such hippie slogans as "The psychedelic baby eats the cybernetic monster," and hippie references to productivity ("creation is play") and to the benefits of the drug experience ("You die and you are reborn as a child. We're all really like children"; "It's like seeing the world again through a child's eyes," etc.). What hippies do not make explicit, and may not understand, is that a perpetuated childhood has psychological attributes other than openness and innocence—and that these may negate the claim to adult identity.

For the main fact of hippie life is that the prescription is not feasible. No matter what shape it takes, the combination of super-adult expectations and infantile strivings cannot be satisfied and, possibly as a result, becomes insatiable. Hence, the displays of ostentatious dress combined with the proclaimed desire for anonymity; the obsession with control and power combined with passivity in relation to means of subsistence; the rejection of reality and the claim to perceptiveness; the rejection of ethics and the vaunted honesty; the insistence on "doing one's thing" and the intolerance of other people's values; the assertion of selflessness in connection with blatantly self-indulgent conduct. These paradoxes expose the futility of the spoiled adolescent's effort to play at being mature. Their sum—the world of the hippie—is a distorted nursery, with defiant and militant overtones.

Analysis of the hippie syndrome not only suggests that it is a psychological monstrosity but also that it is difficult to accommodate as a social phenomenon. The hippies, after all, accept—even demand—social services, while rejecting the desirability of making a contribution to the economy. Their cry for services presumes that society contains individuals and agencies (medical clinics, the ACLU, the custodians of public parks) that are necessary for survival or that deserve to be patronized. On the other hand, the aspect of society that calls for productivity is characterized as the "Establishment," and comprises brutal police, compromising liberals, draft boards, men in flannel suits, hucksters, hypocrites, multiversities, the military-industrial complex and other assorted evils. This artificial split (which ignores the functional link between, say, the ACLU and "compromising liberalism") is designed to justify "dropping out." What it supports, however, is a new type of social membership—consuming but noncontributing. Real "dropping out" would abrogate the social contract (the arrangement by which, in the words of Rousseau, "each citizen necessarily submits to the conditions which he imposes on his neighbor," and vice versa). A complete escape from the "soul-destroying Establishment" would entail breaking from the participating privileges and life-facilitating commodities that are contractually available through membership; it would require the renunciation of sustenance, protection, legal recourse and a voice in the public forum. By refusing to "drop out" of the succoring community, the hippies are requesting a marriage of convenience to a community in which they insist they do not belong—an *ad hoc* alliance that has a parasitic and one-way character.

Why is this pattern not understood—is in fact, obfuscated—by victims of the hippie hangup? One reason, certainly, is that many people find they can project into the idealized hippie their dissatisfactions with their own lives and with our imperfect social structure. By taking the hippie's slogans seriously, by systematizing his inarticulate rationalizations, by toning down his totalism, we arrive at statements of our own discontents, and can point to the hippie as a living barometer of our concerns. The hippie also provides a subculture in which we can selectively satisfy our own infantile impulses with a pretense of respectability. We can become tourists in a community of self-indulgence, shoppers in a cafeteria of irresponsibility. The hippie makes it possible for the middle-class drug experimenter to define himself as a reality-seeker or an amateur anthropologist; it redefines promiscuity as an ethical revolution; it widens the definition of creativity and spontaneity to include doodling, and converts sordidly self-demeaning lapses into romantic adventures of the spirit.

Finally, the hippie hangup redirects attention from individual and social problems whose solution is difficult, to pseudo-problems that require no consuming commitment. Inequities in society can be abandoned to the myth of individual impotence; institutional deficits can be shelved, pending spiritual conversions; personal isolation becomes a metaphysical fact, and interpersonal deficiencies are elevated to a natural condition. Self-centeredness, insensitivity, nonparticipation, fatalism, are all justfied, if one accepts the hippie diagnosis that we have reached a cul-de-sac in social evolution. And one can then go blindly about the business of increasing freedom where it is already abused, while ignoring it where none is available; one can evolve sterile abstractions that disguise concrete needs, and one can pretend that the hippie hangup provides society with a license to concern itself with its navel while ignoring the fact that the body politic is rotting away.

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JOCKEYING AT THE POST

The Faith of Eugene McCarthy

ROBERT G. SHERRILL

Washington

A little more than a year ago one of the Senate's dissenters told *The Nation* that Eugene McCarthy had remarked to a small group of his colleagues, "We must do something to stop this madman" (referring, of course, to President Johnson). If Senator McCarthy did in fact make such a remark privately, he took pains to cover his feelings from the public. Even in off-the-record conferences with newsmen at that time, he sounded discouraged to the point of inaction. He told a reporter for *The Nation* in the spring of 1966: "The commitment [in Vietnam] is now so extensive, not even the mildest dissent is to the point." In the same interview he said that he did not really look upon the Senate dissenters' advocacy of the Kennan-Gavin enclave theory as a true alternative to the President's course of action, but merely as a way of saying "we would support him in a modification" of his war program.

Pessimism, hesitancy, cynicism, some constitutional conservatism and a lot of lone-wolfism have heretofore muted Senator McCarthy's part in the Congressional dissent. He took not the slightest interest, for example, in the move to nullify the Tonkin Gulf resolution. He said that it had given the President no powers he did not have before, so why withdraw an empty gesture?

He signed letters to the President urging de-escalation, but would not join with Senators Morse and Gruening in voting against the Pentagon appropriation bill nor would he line up with Morse and Nelson against the Vietnam supplemental appropriation. Similarly, he refused to join the larger group of dissenters who supported Senator McGovern's amendment last year—a retribution amendment—to cut the military aid bill by the same amount the Senate had cut the Development Loan Fund. Parting from men like Church, Clark, Gruening, the Kennedys, McGovern, Morse and Nelson, McCarthy voted with the majority and for the Administration.

In such matters, McCarthy is faithful to a philosophy, which is that the Senate should adopt a policy positively rather than cut appropriations in a negative attempt to force policy upon the government. And because of that position McCarthy was, at least until recently, rated by the Administration among the "responsible dissenters." Up to last February he was still being invited to formal dinners at the White House.

The fact that he has now climbed over the trenches to challenge Johnson much more personally and dramatically than any other member of Congress not only has thrown the White House into a dither but, oddly enough, has knocked some of the press rather cockeyed—though none quite so cockeyed as William S. White, President Johnson's intimate friend and favorite leaker, who became hysterical to the point of mixing metaphors about McCarthy's proposed candidacy: "What meat, then, is feeding this improbable Caesar, Eugene McCarthy? Sincere belief, no doubt, but beyond that a fierce fire of ambition fanned by the hot, fanatic thirst that now grips the throats of the American peacenik movement." Gould Lincoln, writing in the Washington *Star,* likened McCarthy's efforts to those of Wallace as a "spoiler" of LBJ's chances (although by now everybody who knows *anything* about Wallace's venture realizes he will undercut the Republicans, not the Democrats). And David Broder, of *The Washington Post,* denounced McCarthy as a turncoat on the ground that he had supported Johnson in 1964.

But in fact there is nothing surprising about McCarthy's leap. With the approach of a Presidential race, he—like Stassen—is always socked by a special load of adrenalin. It shows up in numerous ways, including his propensity to write books. Thus we were given *Frontiers in American Democracy* in 1960 and *A Liberal Answer to a Conservative Challenge* in 1964; this time he jumped the gun with *The Limits of Power,* published in October.

Every four years, McCarthy becomes hyperactive, either as a front man for another candidate or running for himself. Except in 1952, when he was too busy at home exterminating a Republican opponent who was trying to smear him as "soft on communism," McCarthy has been in the thick of every national election since he was elected to Congress in 1948. In 1956 he handled Hubert Humphrey's campaign for the Vice Presidential nomination; in 1960 he stumped first for Humphrey as the Presidential candidate; then, when Hubert faltered, switched to Lyndon Johnson, and finally, in a burst of supreme drama, gave the only strong appeal at the convention for the consideration of Adlai Stevenson ("do not reject this man . . . do not, I say, leave this prophet without honor in his own party"). It was never clear whether his plea that the delegates withhold final decision past the first balloting was meant to help the candidacy of Stevenson or Johnson, but in any event he was unsuccessful in getting the convention to listen to him—as he had been unsuccessful in each of his previous forays into national politics, and was again to be unsuccessful in 1964 when he sought to become Johnson's Vice Presidential running mate. Total failure, in fact, has attended McCarthy's efforts to place himself or a friend on the Democratic national ticket.

But, unlike Stassen, McCarthy has never seemed to be much handicapped by his reverses. If he has fallen short of the nation's approval, he has also escaped its pity, and thus his present candidacy comes with a freshness despite the experiences of 1956, 1960 and 1964.

His candidacy is also fresh because this time he is not

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motivated by personal ambition. He knows he cannot, by working through a scattering of primaries, unhorse Johnson at the national convention and get the nomination himself. But by inviting participatory criticism of the President in a few primaries, he can increase the momentum that could unseat Johnson in the general election, unless Johnson squashes the Pentagon and obtains peace. "The McCarthy candidacy is likely to fade sadly if the outlook in Vietnam visibly improves greatly," Joseph Alsop observes in one of his oddest quibbles. "That is the real weakness in the Senator's program." It is a weakness which McCarthy prizes.

McCarthy doesn't want in, not now. He just wants an unrepentant Johnson out. He doesn't like what the man stands for. And the best way to tick off his LBJ dislikes, in scale of importance, is to recall why McCarthy once called Adlai Stevenson "the purest politician of our times." He still feels that way about Stevenson because his career, by McCarthy's reckoning, embodied these three principles:

"First, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind in world affairs." (It is not necessary to remind anyone of LBJ's total disregard for the world's opinion of his activities in Vietnam.)

"Second, a willingness to accept the judgment of the majority and popular will in domestic politics, as manifest in party conventions or in general elections." (The will of the majority in 1964, disregarded by LBJ, was clearly not to escalate the war in Vietnam.)

"And third, by unselfish surrender of his own personal reputation and image for the good of the common effort if, in his judgment, that surrender would advance the cause of justice and order and civility."

This third principle is what will bring McCarthy, if anything does, into the Presidential campaign. It is a principle (not unlike a willingness to be martyred) that would concern a moralist more than a politician, and McCarthy is indeed a moralist, as he has sometimes shown when debating issues.

Always the Senate's foremost crusader for improving the working conditions of migrant laborers, and for prohibiting the importation of Mexican *braceros*, McCarthy once told the Senate: "The moral problem should be of more concern than the problem of whether we are to have cheap tomatoes or pickles." One of McCarthy's often repeated wisecracks was his suggestion that he deserved the nomination in 1960 because "I'm more liberal than Hubert and more Catholic than Kennedy." He is right on both scores. After a year as a novice in a Benedictine monastery, McCarthy gave up the idea of entering the priesthood but did not cut himself away from religion. When the Supreme Court handed down its school prayer decision in 1962, McCarthy worried about it as being another sign "that ours could be not only a secularized government but a secularized society." He once said, "In practice, church and state can never be completely separated." He likes to quote G. K. Chesterton to the effect that the Declaration of Independence is a "creed set forth with dogmatic and even theological lucidity." National interest, he says, "cannot in every case override considerations of right or wrong." Having braided morality and politics so tightly, he goes on to say that the one thing hampering the effectiveness of most Christians is that they give advice and point the direction "without the support of example."

It may seem a bit unusual, but McCarthy's candidacy cannot be put in proper perspective without considering it as a gesture of faith; he has privately preached the necessity of stopping the children of darkness in the White House, and now he will publicly give the leadership. This is not to say that McCarthy is heavy-handedly pious (at least, predominantly Lutheran Minnesota doesn't seem to think so). Indeed, his alliances among Catholics would probably be strongest with the unregimented Populists, even with back-to-the-soil anarchists such as Dorothy Day and the staff of *The Catholic Worker*. When much of the Catholic world, lay and cleric (as well as much of the Protestant), was carried away by the anti-communism of the early 1950s, McCarthy was not. In 1952, a vintage year of hysteria when LBJ's pal, Congressman Homer Thornberry (since appointed to the federal bench), was pushing a bill to permit Washington officials to fire "security risks without having to go to the Civil Service Commission and go through a lot of red tape on appeals," McCarthy, then in the House, tried to amend the bill in such a way that security risks could stay in nonsensitive government jobs. In those days that was a dangerous position.

It's true, McCarthy has said that Johnson has used the Supreme Court as a public relations purification medium for the Kennedy assassination investigation, and has turned the Democratic National Committee into a boot-polishing machine, and the Senate into a rubber stamp for foreign policy *faits accomplis*. But much more important than these particular dislikes is his fear that the power balance within government is being destroyed.

McCarthy has always been a close student of power relationships. Although he was something of a big shot in the House, having put together "McCarthy Marauders" (more formally known as the Democratic Study Group), McCarthy chose to risk his ten-year-old seat to challenge Republican Edward Thye. He was prepared to gamble for a seat in the upper chamber, he explained at the time, because of "the changing relationship of power between the House and the Senate. While upper or second legislative bodies in other democratic countries have declined in power in the course of the last century, some disappearing entirely and others remaining as little more than symbols, the Senate of the United States has grown in power and authority."

Since reaching the Senate in 1958, he has been among those most jealous of the Senate's powers, and both John Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson have offended him by denigrating the Senate's role, especially in foreign affairs. In 1961 he said, only half jocularly, "We used to be asked to approve a thing before it was done. Now we're asked after it's done. It's the New Frontier." McCarthy has been one of the real fighters (futilely) to give the Senate more supervision of the CIA, because he looks upon this agency as one of the Executive's most insidious routes for by-passing Senate supervision of foreign policies. The fact that a few Senators (such as Richard Russell) have access to some of the CIA's secrets does not appease

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McCarthy. "If we were to permit the Executive branch to decide which members of Congress to confide in, the next step," he said, "would be to ask, why not let the Secretary of State name the members of the Committee on Foreign Relations, or the Secretary of Defense the members of the Armed Services Committee?"

Shaken by the Kennedy-CIA trickery at the Bay of Pigs and by Johnson's bungling of the Dominican Republic crisis, McCarthy saw our Latin American policy as hanging solely by Executive whim, and harangued his colleagues: "Our function in the Senate is not merely to find out what the Administration policy is and then to say yes or no to it—oftentimes too late. We have a definite responsibility to develop policy ourselves."

He said that in 1965. He has been saying it ever since. So have other Senators, and most of the headlines have gone to them, especially to Senator Fulbright, but McCarthy is used to being overlooked. When Robert Kennedy proposed letting the Vietcong have a "share and responsibility" in the South Vietnamese government, the Administration denounced the Kennedy proposal and the fuss stayed in the headlines for several days. In the midst of this, McCarthy noted, somewhat plaintively, that he had made a similar suggestion two weeks earlier and nobody had paid any attention.

Fulbright's conflicts with the generals have also received much more public attention than have McCarthy's, although the latter has been much more open in his distrust of the military mind.

Aside from the ideological reasons pushing McCarthy into this campaign, there are the lower impulses, such as revenge. Not only will McCarthy be bearding Johnson, he will also be challenging Robert Kennedy who thinks he has a franchise on the role of official dissenter.

McCarthy has been sorely embarrassed by both camps. Most infamous, of course, was the use Johnson made of him in 1964 to inject a little drama into what was otherwise obviously going to be a dull, cut-and-dried convention. Johnson teased McCarthy into pushing himself for the Vice President's spot. Whether or not his action can be traced to this ambition, McCarthy early in 1964 voted to protect the oil depletion allowance which on three earlier occasions during his Senate career he had voted to cut. The "competition" between McCarthy and Humphrey reached its low point on a *Meet the Press* television show just before the convention opened; the two Minnesota friends tried to outdo each other in promoting the Johnsonian way of life, and Johnson phoned both men to say he had enjoyed their toadying. "We got a passing grade," Humphrey giggled. Maybe that was the last straw, or maybe McCarthy finally realized he was being toyed with; anyway, a few hours after the show he wired the White House that he was pulling out of the contest.

As it turned out, McCarthy is glad he didn't get the job. He believes a Vice President should "stay healthy and quiet," and doubts that working for LBJ would have permitted him to stay either. As for the Kennedy brand of politics, McCarthy has not forgotten the way big brother Jack treated him in 1961. McCarthy thought for sure he had the strength to pass legislation for suspending the *bracero* farm labor program that year. But on the afternoon before it was to be brought up on the floor he got a call from President Kennedy saying, sorry, but he was withdrawing his support. "That's going to be embarrassing," McCarthy replied. "Yes, I know," said Kennedy, "so I suggest you get out of town."

That's Establishment politics. McCarthy never has learned how to play it very well. Which is one reason why so many non-Establishment voters across the country welcome his proposed candidacy.

The Rockefeller-Lindsay Feud

GABE PRESSMAN

Mr. Pressman is an N.B.C. news reporter who has covered New York politics for TV and the press for the last eighteen years.

New York City

November 16, 1967, was a red letter day in New York politics. It was the day when Gov. Nelson Rockefeller got so angry at Mayor John Lindsay that he committed a rare breach of political etiquette: he spoke his real feelings in public.

For newsmen it was a fascinating spectacle. Rarely are our politicians completely truthful on television or in print. It is only when they get "sore," as Rockefeller described his feelings about Lindsay, that the public gets a glimpse of what is really going on.

What made the Governor so angry? The immediate cause was Lindsay's comment on national television November 12: "Mr. Rockefeller has been a distinguished Governor. . . . He continues to declare that he's not a candidate [for President] . . . but should he change his mind I think it would be a good thing for my party and my country." On the surface, it seemed an innocent compliment. But, to Rockefeller and his staff, it looked like a Machiavellian design to kill the Governor with kindness.

In recent days, Rockefeller knew, a "Draft Rockefeller" movement had been pushed in New York City's Young Republican Club by a key Lindsay aide, Sid Davidoff. A 27-year-old ex-college wrestler, Davidoff is also the dispenser of low-level patronage and an advance man for the Mayor. In the 1965 campaign he organized "Davidoff's Raiders," the group that talked up Candidate Lindsay's appearances in each section of the city and turned out the crowds. The Governor saw Davidoff's unsolicited actions on his behalf as an effort to put him on the spot, to force him into the primaries to be slaughtered in a free-for-all, as in 1964.

Lindsay's television remarks were made on Sunday, November 12. On Tuesday, he and the Governor met face to face at a meeting called to announce a new

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council promoting labor-management peace in New York. As they posed smiling for photographers, one reporter overheard a not so pacific conversation:

ROCKEFELLER: Heard you've been talking about me.

LINDSAY: Oh, that was just a throwaway.

ROCKEFELLER: I was just a throwaway three years ago.

And then, reportedly, Rockefeller walked grimly away.

A close associate of Lindsay has a different version of this conversation, which goes like this:

LINDSAY: I'm going to California. Do you have any throwaways you want me to drop?

ROCKEFELLER: They tried to throw me away three years ago out there.

Wednesday night, Lindsay flew to Los Angeles, ostensibly to introduce the New York City Opera Company. Actually, his major activities during three days were private meetings with Western Republican leaders including Governor Reagan and Lt. Gov. Robert Finch, and public appearances before groups of students, businessmen, lawyers and civic leaders.

All week Mr. Rockefeller had been fuming and on Thursday his resentment overflowed. At the close of a press conference announcing a new state park, the Governor received a question about the draft-Rockefeller movement promoted by close associates of Lindsay. He replied: "I have spoken to him very frankly about it and asked him—and asked the people—to please desist, that it was very embarrassing to me."

"You asked him to call off his Davidoffs?"

"Yes, I so asked him."

"What did he say?"

"Well, he said he had no control over them."

". . . And if this does continue, is there anything else you can do to convince him?"

"Sure," the Governor said, and his jaw tightened.

Later, Rockefeller reportedly told friends that Lindsay was out to kill him off as a possible candidate, that Lindsay wanted the nomination himself. Apprised of this as he flew back from Los Angeles, Lindsay responded: "No truth to it whatsoever." He was "mystified" by the controversy and would meet soon with the Governor "and talk about many things—all of them private." The Mayor said he wasn't running for anything and, "as far as I'm concerned, there is no misunderstanding between the Governor and me."

Thus, tempers are heated as two of the most prominent non-candidates engage in public controversy over what each professes not to want. The feud that is in the air follows logically from the history of strained relations between these two liberal Republicans, so close ideologically and so far apart by temperament.

In 1963, in Manhattan, Governor Rockefeller backed his cousin, Richard S. Aldrich, for the Republican Councilman at Large nomination. Of Aldrich the Governor said: "He is my cousin and I think very highly of him." Lindsay, then a Congressman, threw his support to Richard Lewisohn, a Republican district leader. Under pressure, Lindsay's man finally withdrew. But the incident certainly hurt Lindsay with the Republican organization and with the Governor.

In the winter of 1965, the Governor tried to persuade Lindsay to run for Mayor. At the closed-door meeting, the Congressman turned it down, abruptly and curtly. The leaders present were shocked at what they regarded as Lindsay's tough attitude.

Later, Lindsay changed his mind and decided to run. He stayed clear of Rockefeller, who was still nursing 1964 political wounds, and waged his own campaign.

In his first months as Mayor, Lindsay tangled with the Governor in Albany. The Mayor submitted a city tax program, but the legislative leaders would not accept it. Rockefeller, claiming to play the role of "honest broker," offered a compromise plan, which he charged Lindsay's people "torpedoed." He accused the Mayor of reneging on a deal and, by implication, of being "misinformed and totally irresponsible." Asked if he still regarded the Governor as an honest broker, Lindsay snorted. Ultimately, Rockefeller called Lindsay and the legislative leaders together and hammered out an agreement.

Relations between Rockefeller and Lindsay were better in the 1967 legislative session. Perhaps the tone was set by Lindsay's "Dear Santa Claus" letter of December, 1966, when the Mayor laid out the city's needs in a most conciliatory message to the Governor that praised Rockefeller for his concern for the city.

But, when Lindsay went to Washington early in October, the Rockefeller-Lindsay feud erupted again. For months Rockefeller had been urging Republican moderates to unite behind George Romney as their candidate for the Presidential nomination. Lindsay held a private briefing for Washington reporters in which he said that Charles Percy of Illinois would be the strongest nominee. Sen. Jacob Javits (R., N.Y.) deplored Lindsay's remarks: "It's completely wrong to attack Romney. This is precisely what destroyed the moderate cause in 1964, when the moderates were unable to unite behind a single candidate." As for Rockefeller, holding his feelings in check publicly, he said: "If John has something to tell me, I'm sure he'll tell me himself."

One politician who knows them both intimately sees it all as a clash of personalities. He puts it this way:

> Lindsay feels he should be treated as an equal. Rockefeller feels Lindsay goes back on his word. Neither trusts the other.
>
> They operate differently. Rockefeller tends to be more patient. He seldom loses his temper. He's a better negotiator. If he can't get his own way, he compromises.
>
> Lindsay is impatient. His attitude is: "There's a lot wrong. Let's do something about it now. Let's get it done." Rockefeller says: "Let's get part of it done." Rockefeller knows you win some and you lose some. Lindsay wants to win them all.

As for the recent imbroglio over drafting Rockefeller, a close friend of Lindsay asked: "Why the hell is Rockefeller so rattled if he's not a candidate? Why would he be blowing his stack over something like this? Analyze it. In 1960, Rockefeller single-handedly forced a revision of the Republican platform at his meeting with Nixon in New York. In 1964, Rockefeller courageously stood in the Cow Palace in San Francisco and faced the right wingers, finishing his speech despite their boos and heckling. And now, in 1967, Rockefeller takes on Sid Davidoff, a handyman and coat holder for the Mayor! How paranoid can he get?"

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In reply, one of Rockefeller's close associates said: "I don't know why Lindsay is doing this. He's been arrogant and independent, and he's ungrateful. Rockefeller helped raise money for his campaign. He made speeches for him. When Rockefeller ran for re-election, Lindsay didn't do a thing for him. The Governor has been good to him, and he just continually needles the Governor." Then this Rockefeller partisan noted solemnly: "But I think the Governor made a mistake bringing this into the open. This kid's not in his league."

Those who know Rockefeller well do not doubt that he still harbors Presidential ambitions. But his strategy now is passive. He told a friend recently: "I'm nearly 60 years old. I have a wonderful wife and two young boys. I am content. I am not going to kill myself for this." Rockefeller is a fatalist. He knows he can't go after the nomination this time—it must seek him.

Ironically, Rockefeller has accused Lindsay of doing the very thing the Lindsay people think Rockefeller is doing himself. They believe that he has been pushing Romney in the hope that the Michigan Governor will fall on his face and that the moderates ultimately will turn to Rockefeller.

It would appear that only a political miracle could win Rockefeller the nomination, and Lindsay's chances are infinitely less than that. Rockefeller's people believe Lindsay would like nothing better than the Vice Presidential nomination, but the 46-year-old Mayor has told intimates he definitely would not accept.

In assessing the chances of either man, an image comes to mind: that angry scene in San Francisco three years ago. Rockefeller stood on the platform, bravely reading his speech even as jeering conservative delegates tried to drown him out. And one remembers Lindsay, his face red with fury at the Goldwaterites, so upset he refused to talk to New York reporters as he left the floor of the Cow Palace.

If substantially the same kind of delegates take control in Miami next year, it is difficult to imagine that either Rockefeller or Lindsay could be acceptable to them. Unless the primaries turn the situation upside down, the Rockefeller-Lindsay feud will have been futile indeed.

LOST IN VIETNAM

WILLIAM EASTLAKE

Mr. Eastlake, author among other books of The Bronc People (*Harcourt, Brace*) *and* Castle Keep (*Simon & Schuster*), *has recently returned from his second trip to Southeast Asia.*

The American army cargo plane was punctured with bullet holes that had been patched, but they did not get all of them so we could not maintain cabin pressure. The port engine was in trouble. The landing gear was not working properly. She was overloaded and they could not secure the ammo. It was the prelude to a normal trip to Danang.

The plane would not take off for other reasons that were kept secret from us. The secret was never revealed to anyone. It was the best-kept secret of the war. The inside of the ship looked like a very large Chinese laundry, steam hissing out in all directions from the air-conditioning ducts that did not work. The lady Vietnamese camp followers were looking as though they might be there to massage the hundred American, Australian, Korean, Filipino and Vietnamese soldiers jumbled into the plane. Even though the Chinese laundry or massage parlor plane that was to take us to Danang had been absolutely full for two hours it did not take off. We would stay on the Tan Son Nhut airstrip until the war ended.

Now the plane's captain was talking on the intercom. This was the only gadget that worked. He was telling the passengers what to do if the plane crashed on take-off, and he was telling us what to do if we took ground fire and he told us what to do if he ditched it. Then he took this back and said he would not ditch the plane. This was most reassuring and a perfect boost to the inhabitants of the Chinese laundry. Now the intercom went dead. That would not work either.

An Australian passenger said they'd best get the chaps out of the plane before they all died.

"Why do you say that?" A Nigerian near him asked. "By the by, the Australian Vietnam commitment is minimal considering all." Then the Nigerian picked on the Zambesi. "I suppose the Zambesi effort is less."

"Yes."

"What do you mean, considering all," the Australian lieutenant said.

"There's me," the Zambesi said.

"Is Zambesi a country? the Nigerian asked. "How many more of you are there?"

"What do you mean, considering all?" the Australian said.

"Considering that Australia is threatened by the Red Horde," the Nigerian said.

"We are only threatened by this aeroplane."

"I don't like you," the Zambesi said to the Nigerian.

"What a pity," the Nigerian said. "What a way to die among all this acrimony."

"I spoke to you before we got on this plane because you were black and now you abuse me because I am black."

"My dear fellow, soon we may all be dead. Let us not leave this precious, precious earth in disputations."

"I don't think this plane's ever going to get off this earth," the Australian said.

"I fahnd the Australian accent grating," the Nigerian said to me.

"Shall I kill him?" the Australian asked me.

"Soon we will all be dead," the Nigerian said. Then the Nigerian said to the Zambesi: "When this plane tries to take off the Vietcong will kill you for sure."

When the Chinese laundry finally took off it made

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it, even with the near starboard engine dragging its ass and spitting yellow flames, causing us to veer too close to the mine field at the end of the runway that a wounded B-52, back from bombing the farmers, had slithered into that morning. Whoom Whoom Whoom.

"After every mission we come back here and blow ourselves up," the Australian said.

"Whose side are you on?" the Nigerian wanted to know.

"Gott is mitt uns," the Australian said. "If He wasn't with us how could this massage parlor fly?"

The hundred troopers were all dripping a hundred gallons of water. The Vietnamese women were doing better, staring around at the round-eyed white troopers in quiet, slant-eyed Oriental amaze. At Bien Hoa, when the landing gear fouled, the white round-eyes were all dead asleep but the Asian women watched, alert, while the white crew beat the shit out of the hydraulics with a crow bar.

At Phan Rang we were asked to overfly because of a fire fight near the landing zone, and at Cam Ranh Bay the control requested us to proceed to Nha Trang without any bullshit, but Nha Trang was closed in or in the hands of VC. Anyway, by this time we were lost in the monsoon and the pilot decided to find Qui Nhon or bust.

"I admire that chap's desperation," the Australian said.

"We don't seen to be popular in Vietnam, even at our own airfields," the Nigerian said. "Here we are being bandied about from pillar to post like a pest house. The British would never put up with this. The British would not put up with this for one moment," the Nigerian accused the Australian.

The Zambesi allowed that if the pilot did not find Qui Nhon in the monsoon he would commit suicide rather than be taken alive.

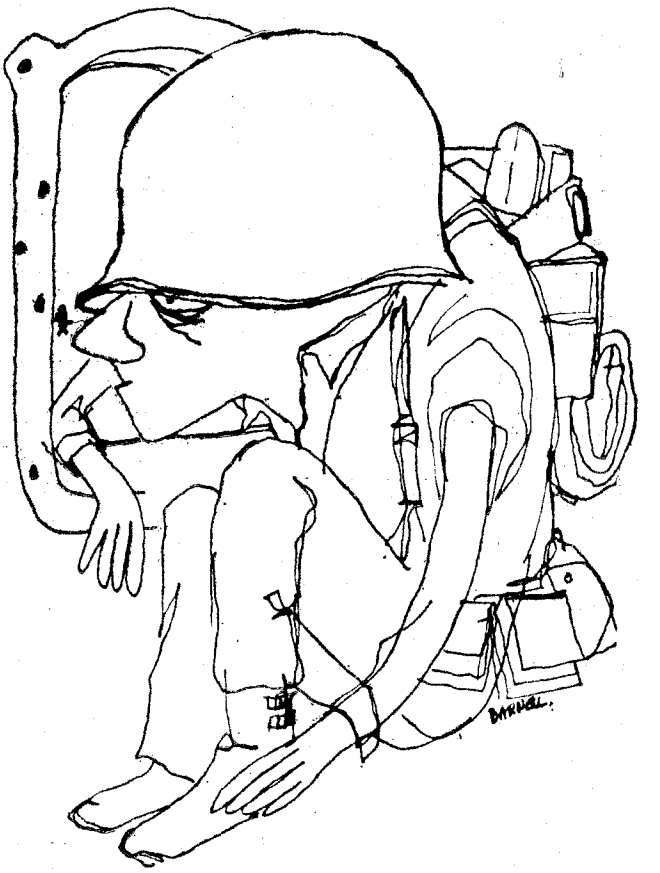
"And be eaten by the savages. You talk such rot. Such bloody rot," the Nigerian said. "I'm ashamed that we both come from the same continent."

"You talk like a Vietcong."

"Thank you," the Nigerian said and then the Nigerian went to sleep.

The plane crash-landed at Pleiku. When we walked away from it I asked the Australian what in God's name the Nigerian and the Zambesi were doing in Vietnam.

"I haven't the foggiest," the Australian said. "Not the foggiest. But then I've never been able to figure out what you American chaps are doing here either. Can you help me?"



NEO-COLONIALISM

IGNORING THE STORM WARNINGS

GEOFFREY BING

Mr. Bing, Queen's Counsel and former Labor Member of Parliament, was from 1957 to 1961 attorney general of Ghana, and thereafter served as a senior official on the staff of the President until the coup d'état *of February, 1966. His book on Ghana,* Reap the Whirlwind, *is scheduled for publication in England early next year.*

London

The elder of the church who, for forty years, played the piano downstairs in a brothel without ever learning what was taking place upstairs is, in a way, symbolic of our age. His argument that he never permitted any impropriety in the many and varied tunes he found himself called upon to play during his long career, is after all a defense we all make of our own political actions. Our behavior, like that of the elder, is within its ambit irreproachable. It is merely that we, as he, have not sufficiently explored the environment within which our talents are employed. So it is with neo-colonialism.

For this in Britain there is an excuse. The British Parliamentary system has been remodeled in our century in a way which makes it difficult for the man in the street or his Parliamentary representative to discover what is going on upstairs. Indeed, it is impressed upon Members, the press and other inquirers, as no doubt it was upon the elder, that any inspection of what takes place elsewhere is not only a breach of security but might bring ruin upon the whole enterprise.

Neo-colonialism, which is at the root of much counter-

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revolution in the world today, is practiced, therefore, by Britain without any general consciousness that it is there at all. Indeed Sir Alec Douglas Home in 1964 told the Parliament of Nigeria that the word did not exist in our vocabulary. It seems to be tacitly assumed that the undoubted and statistically advertised fact that three-quarters of the world each year gets relatively poorer is due to the incompetence and perversity of the vast majority of mankind, and is in no way to be associated with the parallel fact that at the same time the wealthy quarter of the world is each year getting wealthier.

Neo-colonialism differs from old-fashioned colonialism in that it treats the less developed world as an estate to be exploited by the entire industrialized world and not, as previously, as separate rival colonies, or their equivalent of client states, under the exclusive influence of this or that great power. Today, in the main, the industrialized nations dispute about their appropriate share in the total gains and not about the territorial limits of any particular territory, a matter which with the old colonialism provoked continued world crises of the Fashoda and Agadir types.

In essence, neo-colonialism is a system by which the less developed world is paid proportionally less and less for its exports, and charged proportionally more and more for its imports with every year that passes; so far as Britain is concerned, it is of prime importance in keeping the country solvent. According to the calculations of the *Financial Times*, from 1964 to 1967 Britain's annual gain in terms of trade against the less developed world amounted in foreign exchange to an additional £300 million per year—that is to say three times as much as has been gained through the often discussed and much heralded cuts in overseas military and civil expenditure, and twice as much as has been achieved by the controversial policy of deflation.

These lesser contributions to the balance of payments problem have been argued about *ad nauseam*, but the social, political and international implications of the principal method by which our external balances are maintained is passed over in silence. The symptoms of neo-colonialism—wars, counterrevolutions and international tensions—are not hidden; it is only the disease for which the British Parliament attempts no diagnosis.

Thus it is that behind our backs a world revolutionary situation is being generated. The exploited three-quarters of mankind lack any uniform ideology, and up till now, their reaction to pressure often has been nationalist rather than Socialist. For this reason such clouds as there are in the skies of the less developed world, as surveyed from Britain, can be dismissed as no bigger than a man's hand. In reality, it is the unnatural calm which is the true warning of the hurricane. In countries where the pressure was greatest, as, for example, Indonesia, the calm which has brought cooperation with the developed world has been achieved only after considerable bloodshed, but, generally speaking, the "bloodless" *coup d'état* has been the method used to destroy governments in the undeveloped world which have attempted to organize against neo-colonialism. At home we have been led to believe in consequence that the disease spread by the imbalance of wealth has been cured. On the contrary, this world illness is entering its most dangerous state.

The international political temperature today is supposed to be gauged by the relative chill of the cold war. It is presumed that when the world history of our own time comes to be written, the activities of other countries will appear merely as a footnote to the struggle for power between the United States and the Soviet Union. The acceptance of this interpretation leads on to the further assumption that any event in the world must be dealt with in terms of the balance of power between Russia and America and that, in regard to any war or revolution anywhere, attitudes must be determined by its likely effect on that relationship. The fact that these conflicts might be the result of tensions produced within the less developed world by factors which have nothing to do with the cold war is entirely ignored.

The truth is that irrespective of whether or not it is, as alleged in the West, the policy today of the Soviet Union or of China to force more or less Communist regimes on unwilling developing states, they lack the material means to do so. Indeed, they can assist even pre-established revolutionary regimes only exceptionally, as, for example, in the case of Cuba. China or the Soviet Union may provide arms and ammunition, as a gift or on long-term credit terms, but only in the most unusual circumstances, as with Korea, have they provided troops.

There has been no other Chinese or Soviet intervention in any internal struggle in any less developed country on the scale of the prewar German and Italian intervention in the Spanish Civil War. In Vietnam it is Vietnamese and not Chinese or Russian soldiers whom the American army is fighting.

The Soviet Union could still, no doubt, interfere effectively in the internal affairs of Eastern Europe but, even if its government desired to do so, it cannot today intervene decisively, either economically or militarily, in Asia or Africa or on the Latin American continent. In ten years' time, perhaps, the growing strength of the Soviet Union might make this possible. But in the meantime what are mistaken for Russian- or Chinese-inspired regimes are governments which have been forced into revolutionary attitudes by their own internal conditions.

Counterrevolution in the less developed world is of three main types. First, no government based on the presupposition that Western methods of rule are of themselves able to provide the education, the social services and the wage structure which, it is illogically presumed, accompany an acceptance of the outward trappings of the Western way of life, is likely ultimately to survive.

In many newly independent countries colonial trained elites occupy positions of power in the civil service and in the armed forces and are capable of staging a counterrevolution on their own. It is only necessary, such counterrevolutionaries believe, to copy every policy and every attitude of mind of the former colonial power to reproduce in their own country the social advantages enjoyed at home by their erstwhile imperial rulers. But such coups, hailed as victories for the West, in fact merely prepare the ground for a genuine revolution.

The second type of coup is one inspired, directed and

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Horner, New Statesman (London): Ben Roth

covertly assisted from without to reinforce neo-colonial control by the former imperial power, or to eliminate the excessive influence of some other Western state which has taken advantage of the former colony's new, if nominal, independence to establish itself in the neo-colonial preserves of the former ruling state.

The third type of coup is, in contrast, a concerted Western effort aimed at destroying a regime imagined to be under Russian or Chinese domination. Often these two types of coup follow each other. The West combined to remove Patrice Lumumba in the Congo, but subsequently disputed about his successor. The Belgians considered they were entitled to have Tshombe in power, while America believed he was not sufficiently aware of their interests and supported Mobutu in his two *coups d'état* against President Kasavubu in 1960 and 1965.

Theoretically, these two latter types of coup, since they can depend on practical economic assistance and, in some cases, actually on foreign troops, should be less vulnerable to a new counterrevolution than the first type. In practice, as the internal history of South Vietnam has demonstrated, the contrary is the case and a massive Western presence provokes, rather than prevents, counter *coups d'état*. This is due to the operation of a kind of Gresham's law of counterrevolution. Once the process has started, the more reactionary and corrupt regime always drives out the less reactionary and less corrupt.

Counterrevolution in the underdeveloped world is based on the assumption that economic and social ills can be cured by establishing or strengthening the neo-colonialist relationship. The counterrevolutionaries may, in the first place, be honest and well-meaning individuals determined to suppress corruption and raise the standards of living, but the harsh realities of the system which they support frustrate their good intentions. Their Western supporters may intrigue to prevent them from being supplanted by a regime opposed to neo-colonialism, but it is a cardinal tenet of neo-colonialism, which differentiates it from colonialism, that those who profit by the system do not otherwise openly interfere in internal matters. The well-intentioned reformers can therefore easily be replaced by a more realist regime determined that the local rulers, at least, will have their share of neo-colonial profits.

The whole process of counterrevolution in the less developed world, while it is often triggered off by joint Western cold-war maneuvers, acquires at once a momentum of its own and generates a venom which both corrodes Western unity and, at the same time, poisons relations between the great majority of mankind and the few wealthy states of the West.

There is a curious parallel between the failure of Britain to heed the warnings of its most conservative statesman, Sir Winston Churchill, in regard to the likely consequences of German attempts to establish a neo-colonial empire in Eastern Europe in the inter-war years, and the failure of the world today to listen to the repeated warnings of one of its most conservative statesmen, Pope Paul VI. No one could have better epitomized the probable consequences of neo-colonialism than did the Pontiff in his encyclical of March, 1967, *"Populorum Progressio"*:

> If today's flourishing civilizations remain selfishly wrapped up in themselves, they could easily place their highest values in jeopardy, sacrificing their will to be great to the desire to possess more. To them we could apply also the parable of the rich man whose fields yielded an abundant harvest and who did not know where to store his harvest: God said to him, "Fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee. . . ."

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Spokesmen for the Blacks

JUNE MEYER
Miss Meyer is a poet and writer who has been published in Esquire, Mademoiselle, American Dialog *and other publications.*

If you want to know how somebody feels or thinks: ask him. If he can't tell you in words you understand, ask someone else. A relative of the man. A close friend. Somebody who seems to you very similar. And when you resort to these sources of information, qualify the value of your data: call it secondhand or worse. This may strike you as elementary.

And yet, there is a man who exists as one of the most popular *objects* of leadership, legislation and quasi-literature in the history of all men. There lives a man who is spoken for, imagined, feared, criticized, pitied, misrepresented, fought against, reviled *and loved*, primarily on the basis of secondhand information, or much worse.

This man, this object of attention, attack and vast activity, cannot make himself be heard, let alone be understood. *He has never been listened to.* He has almost never been asked: What do you want? What do you think? Coverage of a man screaming in crisis is not the way to hear him think.

That man is black and alive in white America where the media of communication do not allow the delivery of his own voice, his own desires, his own rage. In fact, the definitely preferred form of communication, black to white, is *through* a white intermediary—be he sociologist or William Styron.

This is true. I know it and, nevertheless, I have been amazed by the phenomenon of Nat Turner *alias* William Styron. Or is it: the alien phenomenon of Nat Turner *via* William Styron?

Since this publishing event amounts to some kind of climax, it may be worth while to review the reviews: One in *The New York Times* was titled, "The Slave Who Became A Man." Translation: The slave (the object), became a man: He spoke in the first person: *He spoke as subject*—courtesy of William Styron, of course. Still, there is progress: a black man speaking as subject—albeit an imaginary speech coming from the imagination of a white man.

And how does the white intermediary regard his role? Styron: "it was a challenge . . ." that he met on the basis of . . . "rank intuition" *(New York Times,* October 8). Very good.

How do other white men regard the intermediary?

> *I think that only a white Southern writer could have brought it off. . . . A Negro writer,* because of a very complex anxiety . . . *would have probably stacked the cards, producing in a mood of unnerving rage and indignation, a melodrama of saints and sinners.* (Italics mine.)
>
> *New York Review of Books*
> October 26

Having read and reread the above, I have a question for Philip Rahv, whose opinion it represents: Are you kidding? If not, then let me make plain that you would have to reject *The Confessions of Nat Turner, by Turner.* Mickey Rooney can write his memoirs. Gertrude Stein can write the "autobiography" of Alice B. Toklas, but you're not having any "confession" by Nat Turner, unless it's an outright fake.

The few facts on Turner, a religious "saints and sinners" fanatic, illuminate your view. First, he was a black man: not somebody you hear. Second, he was a slave, an object: objects don't talk. Third, he took off one night, with as many other black men as he could find, to murder white Southerners who kept him in slavery. He went, a man full of fury and avenging spirit, to find flesh and bloody objects of his wrath: to find white men who had never been able to understand that he was not "a slave," *not an object* on which to quietly rest their contempt. His account would have been pretty damned one-sided. And, no doubt, his mood was that of "unnerving rage and indignation."

Instead, indeed, we have "a white Southern writer" who has "brought it off." But Styron's stunt merely gives point to a season of fantastic, black-to-white "dialog" miscarried by white-controlled media through the "medium" of the now professional, white intermediary.

This has been the season when (white) Ross Wetzsteon reviewed (white) Shane Stevens' book about black people living in Harlem. Stevens' novel, *Go Down Dead,* lumps along in the fashionable first-person-by-rank-intuition, and bears a strangely close resemblance to an earlier, white author's novel about Harlem, Warren Miller's *The Cool World.* You could even say that Stevens comes across like a poor copy.

On the book jacket of *Go Down Dead,* one finds John Howard Griffin, *white* author of *Black Like Me* [*sic*] declaring: "It is authentic." Arrogance grotesque is somebody like Griffin judging the "authenticity" of white fiction about black life. Nor is the complete circus—the virtual incest of white reviews of white books about black life—amusing.

As a matter of fact, Stevens' "authenticity" is taken for granted by Wetzsteon, in *The Village Voice.* Here, the reader learns that, once and for all, the myth of rhythmic, graceful Negro speech has been exploded. On the contrary, I submit that, once and for all, the demerits of presumption have been clarified. Warren Miller's Duke Custis spoke his mind and his dreams in beautiful and rhythmic sentences because Miller was a writer gifted with an extraordinary, accurate and willing ear.

Stevens is something else; and I should not have to worry about Stevens, his deficiencies or aptitude. I should not have to hope, I should not have to care about the multiplying, white interpretations of me, of black people. We should have an equal chance to express ourselves directly. The possibility of truthfulness should become a *natural* possibility. That's how things should be.

Back in the real world, this is the season when (white) Jerry Tallmer reported James Baldwin's return to America. Tallmer "quoted" Baldwin's definition of Black Power: "It means the self-determination of evils" *(New York Post,* August 25). That particular black man, Baldwin, never said anything of the kind. He said: "It means the self-determination of a nation of people." (The ear was willing, but the hearing poor?)

This is the season when Houghton Mifflin released (white) Jonathan Kozol's *Death at an Early Age: The Destruction of the Hearts and Minds of Negro Children in the Boston Public Schools.* In an interview, Kozol observed:

> There's nothing in my book that Negroes couldn't tell you themselves.

Exactly. As regards ghetto public "education," there's nothing in his book that Negroes have not been *trying* to tell. That's what the busing was all about:

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an attempt, by black parents, to dilute the consistency of an "education" serving to lower IQ scores and reading levels of black children. And that's what community school boards are now about: in lieu of the bus, and in view of the manifest impossibility of "integration." (The bitter history of Harlem's Intermediate School 201 is a case in point.)

But the spirit and the pace of Kozol's testimony is, altogether, that of a white man, a free man, a stranger to destructive, overpowering circumstance: the ghetto. His testimony, for these reasons, is new, and may succeed where an expressed weariness of suffering has failed.

Malcolm X spent a determining part of his life in that same Roxbury section of Boston where Jonathan Kozol, in the words of one reviewer, underwent a "radicalization"—as a fourth-grade teacher, for eight months. In a completely other sense, and by his own account, Malcolm X also underwent a "radicalization" in Roxbury. And afterward, Malcolm X repeatedly condemned the *systematic* "destruction of the hearts and minds of Negro children" in the public schools of Boston, Milwaukee, Chicago, Charleston, Los Angeles, Houston, New York, etc. etc. (Was anybody, anybody white, really listening to him?)

Jonathan Kozol is not Malcolm X. But Kozol is honest. "Radical" or not, he is rare. To judge by contemporary vogue, he could as easily have written, and published, a sensational book entitled: *"Last Year At Gibson: I Was A Fourth-Grade Negro Student."* But *Death at an Early Age* documents the fact that some members of the libertarian enlightened, white minority—very very slowly—realize something is hideously wrong. Put differently: the virulent, demonstrated racism of the white majority can—*itself*—eventually, nauseate and outrage otherwise retiring, timid and "innocent" (unaware) young men like Mr. Kozol. I would like to ask him: What took you so long? It took *seven months* before you reacted, before your hand was raised from the paper that would expose an obvious horror. But I am being unfair, perhaps, and irrelevant. The point worth noting is that Kozol came to the ghetto, saw what was happening there, and changed his understanding *on the basis of first-hand experience.*

Further, he minutely recorded the daily methods whereby black children learn that they cannot be taught, and that, in any case, there is nothing they will be taught about themselves and their heritage that will help them survive, much less inspire self-respect and great achievement. And in so recording the days of his awakening, Kozol describes the terrible fragility of courage and, by implication, the immense need of it—among whites.

Kozol's *Death* is really about segregation: about the vicious consequences of differing people forcibly separated—by tradition, fantasy, employment, unemployment and reasons of hatred. At best, segregation only delays the commitment of a Jonathan Kozol—*before* he went to the Gibson School in Roxbury. More commonly, American segregation produces white "teachers" who continue to annihilate the potential-

THE VISIT

The wild animal fear is upon him.
Still young enough to smell
death and the cripple

he does not want to come in
here where she lies in her crib.
But he does guarded by the lives

of grandmother and mother,
eyes strafing the room for comfort.
The tendon raw hands reach through the bars.
Time is a membrane between their touch.
"My baby, my boy," she says,

pulling him into her parenthesis of steel.
"You must not call him a baby," we reprimand.
His voice is torn linen, "She can call me anything."

Could he be the face?
She laughs at us and kisses
his hair through the cage.

KAREN SWENSON

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ity of black children in their ghetto schools.

Death at an Early Age is happily free from rhetoric. It should open a powerful public debate. It should already have done so. For example, this being the case, what are the possibilities for change?

After reading it, I mistakenly assumed that half the reviews would be solicited from black adults who remember waiting at their schoolroom desks for somebody to recognize them, *as students*. Or that reviews would be solicited from among black community leaders of local school boards. But not at all. To my knowledge, and to the knowledge of Kozol's publisher, every single reviewer has been white. From the variety of their backgrounds (some of the "critics" never went to public school, never taught children, and so forth), it would seem that the main qualification was *status as an intermediary*.

No relative, no close friend, no adult who was once one of the "Negro children," *the object* of sympathetic, horrified description, has been asked: What did you think then? What do you think now?

I will not soon forget my conversation with a "liberal" literary editor:

I: "Who's reviewing Kozol's book for you?"

He: " . . . . . "

I: "Is he white?"

He: (surprised): "Yes, why?"

I: "It's unfortunate, given the subject matter, that there won't be a black review anywhere."

He: "Oh, but the reader won't know the difference."

Let me tell you: there is a difference. There is a difference black from white in this country. And the reader, the general public, is not going to know the human meaning of that difference as long as *dialogue-by-intermediary* rules the press and the rest of it.

The white problem will never be solved as long as American black life is an imagining, a TV spectacular, the product of rank intuition, the casualty of gross misrepresentation, and grist for statistical games. The white problem will never be solved as long as American black life remains an object, a titillation, a scare, an unknown reality and an unfamiliar voice. Black people have been speaking as subjects, as first persons, as the only persons we are—for longer than it took to "radicalize" Jonathan Kozol. Is anyone, is anyone white, preparing to listen?

The Man Who Created 'Simple'

THE BEST SHORT STORIES BY NEGRO WRITERS: An Anthology from 1899 to the Present. *Edited and with an Introduction by Langston Hughes. Little, Brown & Co. 508 pp. $7.95.*

THE PANTHER AND THE LASH: Poems of Our Times. *By Langston Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf. 101 pp. Paper $1.95.*

LANGSTON HUGHES. *By James A. Emanuel. Twayne Publishers. 192 pp. $3.95.*

A BIO-BIBLIOGRAPHY OF LANGSTON HUGHES, 1920-1967. *By Donald C. Dickinson. Preface by Arna Bontemps. Archon Books. 267 pp. $10.*

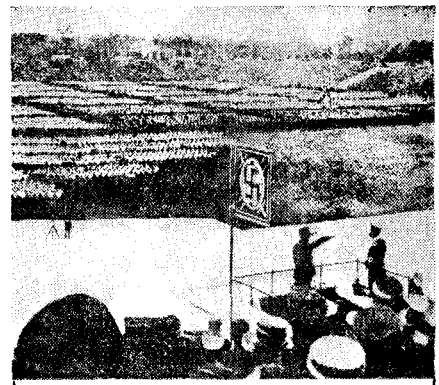
KENETH KINNAMON

Mr. Kinnamon, of the English Department at the University of Illinois, is at work on a book about Richard Wright.

More than forty years ago Langston Hughes issued in these pages (June 23, 1926) a manifesto of racial affirmation entitled "The Negro Artist and the Racial Mountain." In it he spoke not only for himself but also for other young writers of the Harlem Renaissance against both the literary gentility of Negro critics like Benjamin G. Brawley and W. E. B. DuBois and the flippantly superficial assimilationism of the journalist George S. Schuyler. Hughes rejected the self-denying "urge toward whiteness" that would cause the Negro artist to abandon his most distinctive materials and his unique perspective; instead, the Negro should utilize proudly "his racial individuality, his heritage of rhythm and warmth, and his incongruous humor that so often, as in the blues, becomes ironic laughter mixed with tears."

These words may now seem dated—and indeed some would insist that they could be construed to constitute a Jim Crow aesthetic ("heritage of rhythm and warmth"!). But they specify cogently some of the durable elements in a remarkable literary career that began in 1915 when Hughes was selected as class poet in a Lincoln, Ill., grammar school and ended last May when he died in Harlem, a death that seemed oddly premature for a writer so perennially and ebulliently youthful.

Hughes wrote more than forty books, edited or translated fourteen more, and



An observer at the 1927 Nazi party rally noted that the Nurembergers did not take it seriously. But only six years later Hitler became Chancellor of Germany. And by 1938—the year of the last rally—the whole world watched with growing apprehension the awesome spectacle, the extraordinary displays of military power and pseudo-religious pageantry that marked the Nuremberg party rallies.

How the rallies developed, how they impressed the world at the time, what lay behind the clockwork demonstrations—these are among the topics discussed by Hamilton T. Burden in this first study of the rallies in English.

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—ADOLF A. BERLE

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FREDERICK A. PRAEGER

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contributed hundreds of essays, poems, columns, reviews and letters to scores of anthologies, magazines and newspapers, from *Brownie's Book* to *New Masses*, from the *New York Post* to *Poetry for Women to Speak Chorally*. He also gave hundreds of lectures and readings from New York to Los Angeles and Uganda to Paris. Much of his enormous body of writing is admittedly hack work—children's books, popular history, occasional journalism—but Hughes supported himself for thirty-seven years solely by his pen and his platform appearances. No other serious Negro writer survived so long and did so much in an often unreceptive literary market place. In this respect, as in others, Hughes was a pioneer.

Aside from the value of his example, Hughes aided other Negro writers in a variety of ways. The anthology which he co-edited with Arna Bontemps, *The Poetry of the Negro, 1746-1949*, now being revised and enlarged, not only revealed an ignored literary tradition but introduced brilliant young poets like Robert Hayden and Owen Dodson to a wide audience. Hughes performed a similar function in *New Negro Poets: U.S.A.* and for the emerging African writers. Two fat anthologies offered rich samplings of Negro folklore and humor.

Hughes's last anthology, *The Best Short Stories by Negro Writers*, contains forty-seven stories from Charles Waddell Chesnutt's 1899 tale of lynching and miscegenation, "The Sheriff's Children," to stories by Robert Boles and Alice Walker, now in their early 20s. The familiar names of Negro fiction are here—Chesnutt, Dunbar, Toomer, Hughes himself, Wright, Motley, Ellison, Baldwin—but the most impressive revelation of this collection is the extraordinary variety and talent of the writers under 40, who account for almost half the stories. Perhaps the best of this group are two stories by young women about old men. Alice Walker's "To Hell With Dying" is a tender reminiscence of an ancient, guitar-playing alcoholic who maintains a tenuous hold on life through his relation to his neighbors' adoring children. The tone is movingly elegiac without becoming sentimental. Paule Marshall's "Barbados" is a brilliantly written and structured story of a Mr. Watford's repatriation to his native West Indian island after forty-five lonely but prosperous years in Boston. A sensual servant girl becomes the instrument of his devastating awakening to the waste and sterility of his life. Miss Marshall has clearly read Henry James, particularly "The Beast in the Jungle," but she has thoroughly assimilated his influence and adapted it to her own artistic vision. No one of her literary generation writes better prose.

However valuable his services as an anthologist, it is as poet that Hughes is best known to white readers. In the posthumous *The Panther and the Lash*, his poetry is mostly that of racial protest, the snarl of the black panther under the lash — and backlash — of white oppression. Many of Hughes's recent poems catch the threatening mood of impending black retributive vengeance, but the earlier verse gathered here, going back to the *Scottsboro Limited* pamphlet of 1932, more often depicts the Negro as passive victim ("Christ in Alabama," "Jim Crow Car").

Unlike those younger writers, of whom LeRoi Jones is the most eloquent spokesman, Hughes was never quite willing to relinquish the dream of racial fraternity even in the Deep South. He affirms this again by choosing to conclude this volume with "Daybreak in Alabama." This hope, common in the thirties and surviving in Martin Luther King's address to the March on Washington in 1963, may be now all but dead among Negro writers, but otherwise *The Panther and the Lash* reminds us how accurate a poetic barometer of the Negro mood Hughes has been since his first volume, *The Weary Blues* (1926).

As a poet, he did not really improve. Of the twenty poems judged to be Hughes's best in James A. Emanuel's useful critical study, *Langston Hughes*—in which readers will find most of their favorites—all but six were written in the twenties. One could trace developments in Hughes's poetry—his movement from blues to bop rhythms, for example—but not artistic growth. Gertrude Stein's remark to Scott Fitzgerald: "One does not get better but different and older," could have been directed to Hughes as well.

Mr. Emanuel's thematic organization and cramped format do not permit him to trace this process in detail. But he does examine closely technique as well as theme in a number of representative poems and stories under such categories as "The Cult of the Negro" and "The Christ and the Killers." Occasionally one may feel that a particular Hughes piece is too slight to bear the weight of Mr. Emanuel's analysis, but generally his commentary is perceptive and sympathetic. Certainly his critical competence seems plain if his volume is compared to Donald C. Dickinson's

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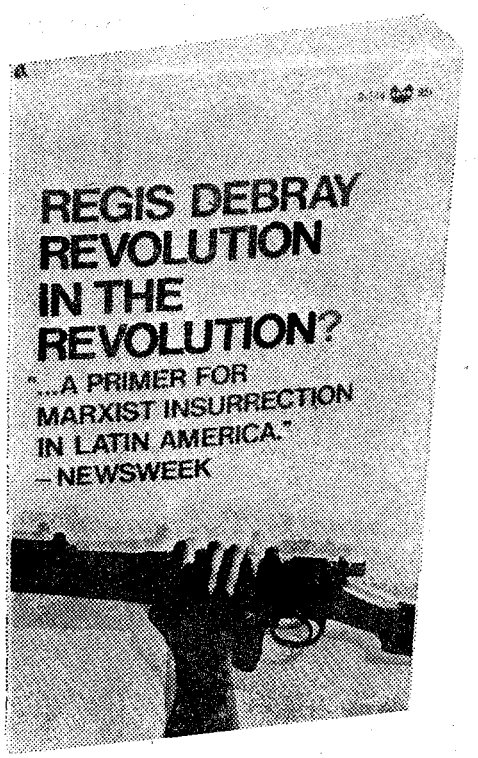

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overpriced *A Bio-Bibliography of Langston Hughes, 1920-1967*. An enormous amount of labor went into the bibliographical section of this work—though errors and omissions inevitably appear—but the compiler's efforts would have been more valuable if he had included Hughes's song lyrics and contributions to newspapers, while omitting the embarrassingly inept attempt to provide an account of his literary career.

A full-scale critical biography of Hughes is still needed. Emanuel's commentary and Dickinson's bibliography will make the task easier. When the larger study comes it will define more carefully Hughes's relationship to the proletarian literature of the thirties, arrive at a less inflated estimate of his short stories, and provide a fuller examination of the Simple sketches. It is in the four Simple books, which grew out of his *Chicago Defender* column, that Hughes created his most memorable fictional character, Jesse B. Semple, Harlemite, and realized most fully his own prescription for "racial individuality" and "ironic laughter." These and his early poetry constitute the lasting achievement of Langston Hughes.

Spun on a Thread

STILL LIVES AND OTHER LIVES. *By Saul Touster. University of Missouri Press. 82 pp. $3.50.*

JOHN LOGAN

Mr. Logan is professor of English at the State University of New York at Buffalo. He is the author of Ghosts of the Heart *(University of Chicago Press) and* Spring of the Thief *(Knopf).*

Saul Touster, a professor of law and assistant to the president at State University of New York at Buffalo is current winner of the Devin Memorial Award. His manuscript was chosen over 275 entrants. He is a poet of high feeling and keen intelligence. The poems which make up the title group have a beautiful series of figures of light and synesthetic, curiously spiritual, images. "Green grows the core/and the shadow of the core/wearing the shape of the apple." There is a series of six poems entitled "Green Apples: Still Life," of which II seems to me best, and IV weakest, with its half-didactic conclusion.

There is a group of "Moral Still Lives" which interests me for an undersurface motif of clothes and thread (the latter word occurring five times in the four poems). One of these, "Although he has lost," is most winning because of its Biblical lyricism ("So be not dependent/on the hand to hold thread/or the eye to see light/or the teeth to smile or the throat/to make song."); and because it contains some images that recur in other poems—the thread and button images in "The Making of Salo," and the journey-from-Eden image in "Our Father Who Art," a related sequence. There is also a good deal of "seed" and "stars" (related) in the poems and a number of "wings" and "breasts" (related?).

Thread in Touster's poems seems to be the literal thread of a tailor who appears as a paternal figure; the mythical thread of Theseus or of *Ecclesiastes*, and the symbolic thread of the umbilical cord of the hangman—life or death. In "The Making of Salo" we have the thread of the flesh from which the infant's body is fashioned. "First seen emerging/from the tailor's squat establishment,/his father's serge remodeled,/he leans. . . ." The lines are well-integrated into the poem. Still they have an echo of Dylan Thomas where (typically) the flesh becomes a shroud. "In the groin of the natural doorway I crouched like a tailor/sewing a shroud for a journey."

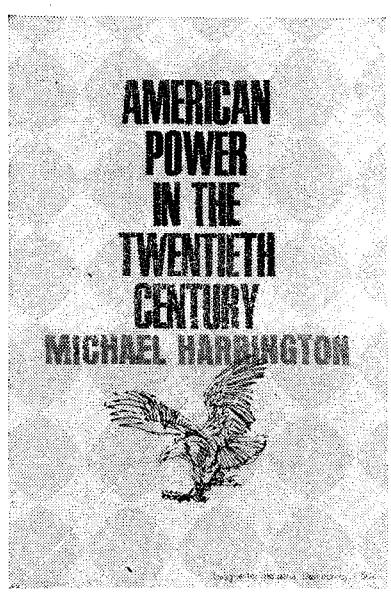
The "Salo" of this last group of poems is a *persona* whom the poet, like Yvan Goll with his "Jean sans la Terre," puts through several archetypal human situations, e.g., birth, sexual encounter, artistic creation. The sequence concludes with "Salo's Release to the Press," which is a very amusing parody of the self-touting and self-confessional interview.

This poet has a very good ear. To see this one might begin by tracing arcs of sound in such a line as: "On a beach, see a gull swoop/and come up with a silvery thing in its beak." He also has a fine imagination. It is difficult to get a fresh image of the starred night, but this does it: "A black cat that holds in its claws a million mice."

I find the best poems to be "Hinges," a powerful allegory; "Beside Lake Erie's Frozen Waters" (except for the poor line "The Matisse aches,"); "Listen to Your Body," a remarkable poem where narcissism becomes both recognition—in the classic sense of *anagnorisis*—and at the same time *memento mori*. (The thread image recurs here. "So this is the thread/On which you fed!/Listen to the ear/Disappear." The powerful last two lines take one's mind to Lorca's "I taste the bones of my enormous skull.") And finally, "The Muse's Widower," a very disenchanted and "cool" account of a barbecue where nobody is really responding to anybody and a low-key aura of violence lurks under an ancient sense of the sadness of things.

The terrible separateness of the speaker of this latter poem reflects a feeling that reappears in at least three of the four poems I cite as best. It is not so much the existential separateness or the narcissistic (though these are obviously factors), as it is the separation which appears at the end of a relationship that has been supporting one—and which consequently has within it overtones of grief and, at the same time, of compassion or empathy with the other party.

This is to my mind most powerfully



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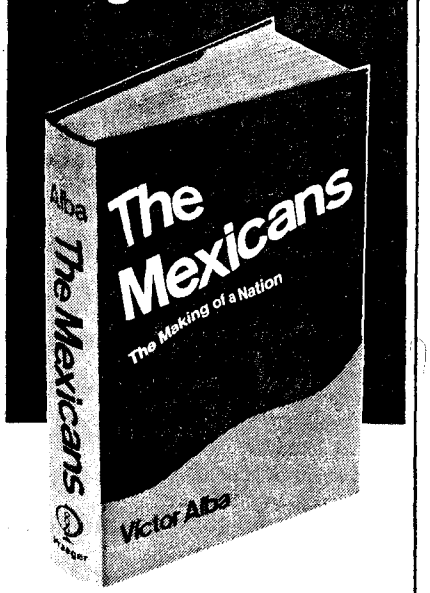

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FREDERICK A. PRAEGER

put in a poem which is not about people at all, a poem which finds an image in the domestic world for these feelings to which so many of us need to give shape: a door with a pair of hinges. The door is a structure (like a relationship) which has been held "on the straight and narrow" by the hinges, but which has begun to swell out of line with the toll of years, bringing about a rather excruciating strain to them. "They are silent/but the door drags at the threshold/making a peculiar sound." When the door is removed, "a cold wind blows through the house" and the hinges "aghast at being parted,/Flap." The whole poem is like an oracle auguring what will happen to two people, friends or spouses, when the structure of the relationship which has sustained them becomes destroyed.

There are also some poems on literary people—Kafka, Péguy, Thoreau, Heine. Of these the Péguy piece seems to me best and the Heine poorest because of its cliché rhythm. In any case it is a very fine book of first poems.

The McLuhanatic Fringe

McLUHAN: HOT & COOL. Essays and Comments on the Work of Marshall McLuhan. *With a Preface and Responses by Marshall McLuhan. Edited and with an Introduction by Gerald Emanuel Stearn. The Dial Press. 312 pp. $6.95.*

NEIL COMPTON

Mr. Compton is chairman of the English Department at Sir George Williams University in Montreal. He writes frequently on contemporary culture and the popular arts.

Though this book is mostly *about* rather than *by* the Master, it displays many standard features of the McLuhanatic fringe—eccentric and obtrusive typography, criminally inaccurate proofreading, graceless editorial prose, and a jacket that juxtaposes mauve, red and royal blue print on top of luminous pink. Nevertheless, it is essential reading for anyone interested in McLuhan, and recommended even for those who are antipathetic.

His answers may be illogical, illiberal or just plain wrong, but McLuhan at least asks many of the right questions about life today: if he is wrong, it matters, as George P. Elliot says. For that reason, the essays in this volume by an improbable galaxy of authorities (including economists, anthropologists, literary critics, Jesuit scholars, Madison Avenue flacks, new-wave journalists and unclassifiables like Susan Sontag) add up to a confused but fascinating series of observations on modern culture. Most of the well-known contributions to the McLuhan debate are here—including essays by Benjamin DeMott, Frank Kermode, Dwight Macdonald and Kenneth Boulding—as well as a handful of interesting items from obscure or out-of-the-way sources. Though Mr. Stearn seems to be a somewhat uncritical disciple, he has faithfully represented all points of view; the articles I have been able to classify fall into three roughly equal categories—approving, disapproving and neutral.

McLuhan himself is represented not only by a few essays reprinted from hard-to-come-by periodicals but also by excerpts from a lengthy taped dialogue with the editor. Though this feature is given pride of place at the end of the book, it will not do much to win converts. McLuhan's notorious slipperiness in controversy has never before been so blatantly obvious. Several times throughout the volume readers are referred by footnotes to sections of the dialogue in which he purportedly answers specific criticisms, but the confrontation is usually so oblique as to be meaningless. Not that I entirely blame him! If you had argued that E. E. Cummings' poetry needs to be read aloud, how would *you* answer Christopher Ricks's challenge to recite Cummings' "gRrEaPsPhOs"?

Whatever may be the superiority of the oral over the visual mode of communication, it seems to tempt McLuhan into even wilder generalizations than he normally commits in cold print. If he had been sitting at the typewriter instead of chatting cozily with Mr. Stearn and his tape recorder, would he have dared to assert that under electronic conditions "the Christian concept of the mystical body—all men as members of the body of Christ— . . . becomes technologically a fact"? This is surely an example of what Harold Rosenberg means when he suggests that man, to McLuhan, "often appears to be a device employed by the communications mechanisms in their self-development." McLuhan is in danger of becoming to electronics what Norman Vincent Peale is to capitalism.

Hamlet without the Prince of Denmark is a proverbial image of sterile and academic formalism. The paradox of *McLuhan: Hot & Cool* is that it would have been a better book without the contributions of the Albert Schweitzer professor at Fordham University.

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RECORDS

BENJAMIN BORETZ

SCHOENBERG: The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Volume 5: Six Songs for soprano and orchestra, Op. 8. Irene Jordan, soprano. Columbia Symphony Orchestra. Suite for String Orchestra, 1934. Columbia Symphony Strings. Brahms Piano Quintet in G minor, orchestrated by Schoenberg. The Chicago Symphony Orchestra. *Friede auf Erden*, Op. 13. Ithaca College Concert Choir. All conducted by Robert Craft. Columbia M2L 352/M2S 752.

The Music of Arnold Schoenberg, Volume 6: Serenade, Op. 24. Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Donald Gramm, bass. Wind Quintet, Op. 26. Westwood Wind Quintet. Four Pieces for Mixed Choir, Op. 27. Three Satires, Op. 28. Gregg Smith Singers. Septet; Op. 29. Columbia Chamber Ensemble. Columbia M2L 362/M2S 762.

Wind Quintet, Op. 26. Danzi Quintet. Philips PHC 9068.

Necessarily, each volume of the Columbia Schoenberg series constitutes the most significant new addition to the available recorded repertory at the time of its appearance, the articulation in auditory experience of our own most central musical tradition. For Schoenberg, more than any other composer, is the source of the *present* of music in its deepest aspects, however much others may appear to be so in surface. And the "others" are, after all, mainly Stravinsky and Webern; but it seems to me that even their significance is ultimately perceivable only by a Schoenbergian ear and mind.

But the fact that this series is filling such an essential need in the recorded literature makes the inconsistencies in its realization and the insecurities of its continuance matters of serious concern. The brutal "exigencies" of commercial recording require that even difficult, barely rehearsed music be taped in single recording sessions; after which bits of various "takes" are spliced together to produce "definitive" performances of monuments of the musical literature—even if, occasionally, a few notes or even passages disappear irretrievably with bits of lost tape. In this way, we have become inured even to having Stravinsky's own recorded performances of his own works emerge in a rough approximation that is a particularly vicious violation of his characteristic precision and cleanliness; and all the Schoenberg performances have been similarly rough, especially those involving orchestral ensembles. Yet in both cases, we would not otherwise have available the indispensable auditory experience of these works; and in the Schoenberg series, Robert Craft and the ensembles involved have managed to produce some remarkably reasonable representations of the music (I except the inexcusable Volume 4 directed by Glenn Gould). But one's despair over the manifest insufficiency of the commercial recording world to serve essential music-cultural functions is only confirmed by these gestures toward "responsibility"; and the half-heartedness with which they are undertaken is exposed rather painfully in the progressive austerity of presentation in the Schoenberg series from the copious and authoritative annotation-booklets of the first volumes to the pasted-in texts and data with no commentary at all that one finds in Volume 6. If this attrition has sinister implications for the future continuance of the series, Columbia will have used the important trust it has usurped with serious irresponsibility indeed.

One's anxieties are all the more intense because of the unique musical revelations that result from hearing this extraordinary music that one has known (if at all) only in scores. Thus for the relatively inexperienced listener I cannot imagine any more valuable encounter with Schoenberg's compositional capacities and dispositions than his remarkable

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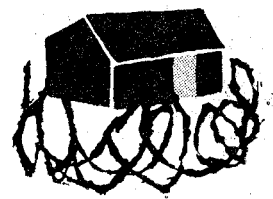

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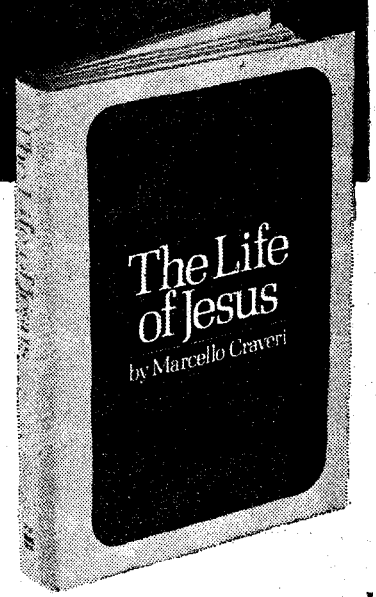

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orchestration of the Brahms Op. 25 Piano Quintet—more revealing perhaps because of its closeness to Brahms's own qualities and the minimalness of their extensions into original sounds and articulations than for any radicalism projected. Generally, his significant "extensions" of Brahms are in the greatly increased use of the brass and wind choir, and the use of doubling and highly colored timbral articulation for a sharper outlining and separation of simultaneous "parts" than would ever have been Brahms's practice. There is also a figurational virtuosity in the brass writing unknown in Brahms's time, or indeed in most of the music of Schoenberg's time except for scores of Richard Strauss, Stravinsky and Schoenberg himself. The presence of passages for solo and pizzicato strings meaningfully increases Brahms's articulative range as well; and the sense of how Schoenberg's own compositional discoveries are similarly extended from immediate tradition is most evident in the last movement, where he develops remarkable rhythmic ingenuities from the instrumental characteristics alone. And the sheer gorgeousness of the sound produced by the Chicago Symphony should induce listeners to wonder about the real source of some of the peculiar noises they are accustomed to hear emerging from Schoenberg performances.

The Op. 8 songs also provide a vivid demonstration of Schoenberg's intimacy with his tradition, but in this instance more with that of Wagner than of Brahms. The first song, *Natur*, seems in fact to stem more directly from Wagner than, say, through Mahler, in its straightforward (Brahmsian!) articulation of obliquities without Mahler's hugely complicated, constantly overlapping turns of resolution. And in *Nie ward Ich* and *Voll jener Süsser* one is almost able to witness Schoenberg's exhaustion of tonal possibility and his development into new realms, in the constant "rehearing" of the function of every pitch, creating a "restlessness" that however never loses directional or auditory clarity. Again, for the listener in search of clues to the later Schoenberg, this should be impressive evidence of his mastery of the "twelve-tone" pitch medium in tonal terms; and the sonic beauty of the instrumentation and the instrumental-vocal combinations should be irresistible. Vocally, this is perhaps the easiest Schoenberg around, and the performance (aside from a few German-dictional problems) seems adequate.

The 1934 *Suite* is a real musical curiosity: Schoenberg's attempt to respond to a suggestion by the then conductor of the New York University student orchestra, Martin Bernstein, that he write a didactic "tonal" piece for nonprofessional performance. The result, in its most characteristic passages, is a work revealing

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(and often requiring) astonishing ensemble virtuosity and ingenuity in creating a multiple-referenced tonal harmony. Here, Schoenberg's "neo-classicism" extends horizontally into the furthest reaches of extended tonal relation, where Stravinsky's, for example, contracts, crystallizing all pitches into the most constricted range of reference. And another aspect of Schoenberg's compositional language that can be more readily perceived in the relative simplicity and familiarity of the *Suite*'s surface for transference to the more problematic music, is his use of simple "characteristic" melodic and rhythmic contours as means through which to articulate widely and complexly varying and interrelating developments. In all, the *Suite* is a strange, and rather unevenly realized, Schoenbergian view of tonal classicism that should reveal, almost as a musical-biographical insight, the fascinating internal worlds composers create as modes of *hearing* traditional music, and how this is, really, the most fundamental process of compositional "originality" and "creativity."

To complete this "traditionalist" aspect of Volume 5, even *Friede auf Erden* is Brahmsian in the choral writing, with its counterpoint of variable pitch-band lines in which pairs of voices moving in parallel (at intervals of thirds and sixths in Schoenberg as in Brahms) are the most characteristic "single-line" elements. The disappearance of "modernity" from the sounds of *Friede auf Erden* through its competent performance here is particularly welcome because of the real individuality that remains.

The principal value of Volume 6 is its gathering of the works from the crucial period that encompasses the just pre- and just post-twelve-tone music. It should have the inestimable virtue for the listener of revealing the primacy and unity of the compositional intelligence in creating particular coherences and sonorous profiles, whatever the syntactical "as if." I suggest as an exercise listening through this album and attempting to distinguish the twelve-tone from the non-twelve-tone works; the difficulty experienced will not either invalidate or demonstrate the coherence properties of the system, but should indicate that it developed in Schoenberg's work as a resource for maximizing the extension and relational complexity of his fundamental compositional ideas, within and among compositions, rather than as a way of "getting" certain kinds of surface "effects" or events.

Otherwise, the instrumental works have been previously available in relatively adequate recordings, and although the Serenade and Septet are notable for their cleanliness of detail in the small, all the performances suffer from a rather flat-out accentual approach, a certain lack of emsemble integration and a somewhat undistinguished ensemble sonority. Together, these flaws prevent the projection of a sense of overall sound and shape that is particularly essential as a guide to the sense of music that will still be unfamiliar to most of its listeners. The Danzi Quintet recording of the Wind Quintet is perhaps a good alternative in just this respect, although it tends to smooth and blend some of the work's special extremities of linear and timbral separation. The interesting but relatively less significant choral works of Op. 27 and 28 are, however, made uniquely and valuably available in Columbia's Volume 6.

A comprehensive report on this fall's record releases will appear in my next column.

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

People averse to such plays as *The Birthday Party, The Homecoming* or even *Rosencrantz and Guildenstern Are Dead*—particularly if the cause for such distaste is either their obscurity or their "pessimism"—may find themselves well suited by Aleksei Arbuzov's *The Promise* (Henry Miller Theatre). Arbuzov's play, a London hit, is replete with sound sentiments which, according to the playbill, have received a warm welcome in Tokyo, Warsaw, Paris, Athens, Tel-Aviv.

These sentiments are loyalty in love and friendship, courage, scorn of middle-class complacency. Perhaps still more fundamental to the spirit of *The Promise* is the conviction that even at the point of death a man may recover and start afresh—or to put it in terms of the old Salvation Army slogan, "a man may be down but he's never out."

Despite the skepticism our brains, blood, circumstances or experience may induce in us, I am ready to subscribe to these notions. I am even willing to serve as their advocate. My hesitation arises from the suspicion that the clever and mean Frenchman who said "with fine sentiments one often makes bad art" may have been dead right.

Aleksei Arbuzov, one of the most prolific and popular of Soviet playwrights, is more or less officially committed to the thesis or "program" suggested in the foregoing propositions. I am certain that he is sincere and that the major part of the Soviet audience shares his commitment with equal good will. The trouble is that it comes to him too easily and that his dramatiza-

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tion of the theme is too pat. His play is sentimental rather than strong. It tugs at the heart with skimpy strings. I could be inspired by Arbuzov's credo only if the play itself convinced me that he had arrived at his conclusion after withstanding a strong temptation to succumb to a contrary faith. Optimism is healthy and artistically operative when it has been attained through hardship.

The Russian people have proved themselves a sturdy lot: they have endured suffering and privation from the earliest days of their revolution, through the years of war communism, the Second World War and the Stalinist terror. Their generally cheerful outlook, despite the pressures of their existence, is genuine and well earned.

Apart from reflecting this mood of manly confrontation with protracted difficulty, *The Promise* had another asset for its Soviet audience and, to a considerable extent, for the English as well. It reminded both audiences (and apparently all the others) that since their heroic days of trial—the cruel siege of Leningrad or the worst of the blitz—they had become too softly satisfied with petty comforts and mediocre safety. In Soviet terms at least, *The Promise* is self-critical—gently, sweetly, modestly; but still a warning note tinkles. It contains a line to the effect that in victory the winner often takes on the vices of those he has overcome.

For all that *The Promise* is a thin—though not at all a contemptible—piece of work. There is only one thing which can save it for an audience not altogether attuned to its feeling and idea: powerful acting. In London the central role, a young person whom we see progress from a homeless adolescence during the siege in 1942 to the time she becomes a doctor in 1959, was played by the genially robust Judy Dench. The role has been recast in the New York production with Eileen Atkins, who was excellent in *The Killing of Sister George,* but lacks the qualities needed for her present assignment.

In saying this, I have no intention to find fault with Miss Atkins; she is a good actress. My point extends beyond her to the remainder of the cast: the actors who played the two "boys" in London and now play them again here. I do not mean by this that English actors are incapable of portraying Russians, but that the individually sympathetic young actors in *The Promise* must strike a knowing American audience as too correct and "frail" properly to convey the specific nature of the characters and writing of this eminently Russian play. They do not possess, for all their best efforts, that combination of muscular gush and almost peasantlike effusiveness which often strikes the foreign eye as a sort of naive and rather "butch" eccentricity.

There are many American actors who come naturally closer to this quality; in fact *The Promise* is one of the few plays from abroad which could have been cast here without any difficulty at all—even if "name actors" were sought. I said this when I reviewed the London production [*The Nation,* July 3].

Still I don't wish to stress the folly of bringing over an English company. I do want to air an old complaint: that so few of our reviewers are competent in the balanced judgment of acting. Several of them have called the acting in *The Promise* "superb." If this is not simply cordiality to visitors it is ignorance.

Ian McShane and Ian McKellen are certainly able, well-qualified actors, of good disposition and pleasant personality. Considering their limitation in regard to the Arbuzov material, they do very well. But the whole first act, which must make us sense the physical facts of dirt, cold, hunger, lack of proper illumination, and every other deprivation, are indicated in the most perfunctory fashion. Because of this we are not only unable to believe in the actors as particular characters, we can hardly credit them as real persons of any kind.

This is as much the director's fault as the actors'. It may escape our critics but the audience, whether it knows it or not, is thus deprived of contact with a basic dimension of the play's dramatic effectiveness. A production which might live on its own level as a "story of true love" and bracing idealism—many a poorer play has done so—leaves the audience dubious if not entirely indifferent.

The acting in Wole Soyinka's two African plays at the Greenwich Mews Theatre, 141 West 13 Street, is uneven and crude, but by virtue of its energy and relative authenticity *works* and makes at least the first of the two plays a salty frolic of abundant humor. It is called *The Trials of Brother Jero,* and deals with a man whom the author identifies as a "Beach Divine," in other words, a religious fraud whose Christian evangelism is agglutinated with primitive superstition for purposes by no means sacred.

It is a shrewd folk tale in which enormous gusto is put into service of somehting more than a piquant exoticism. It reveals an ancient and still unself-conscious tribalism as it begins to pick up, without assimilating, the outward forms of a religiosity outworn in the civilization of its origin and alien to both worlds. The combination and contrast of both elements (European and African) are rendered both picturesque and funny, but one detects in Soyinka's treatment that he could easily transfigure the image that his play offers us into a much more troubled and disturbing picture. Here the colors are brightly laughable and the actors display them with gorgeous good humor and abandon.

With the exception of Harold Scott, who is a cultivated performer, the acting is professional only here and there, but it seems to gain something in this instance from its very lack of "polish." The whole is refreshingly likable.

The second and more ambitious play, *The Strong Breed,* is a tale of sin, suffering and expiation in peculiarly African terms. In this case the lack of adequate means in stage equipment, direction and unity of acting style muddies the impression of the play—mystic in essence—so that one cannot arrive at any confident appraisal. All one is sure of is that Wole Soyinka (now a political prisoner in Nigeria) is a writer endowed with a gift of speech that is both literary and true to the vein of the people he depicts. Soyinka's dialogue is not simply racy but has about it, without the slightest trace of affectation, a mountain-air cleanness and elevation.

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Crossword Puzzle No. 1226

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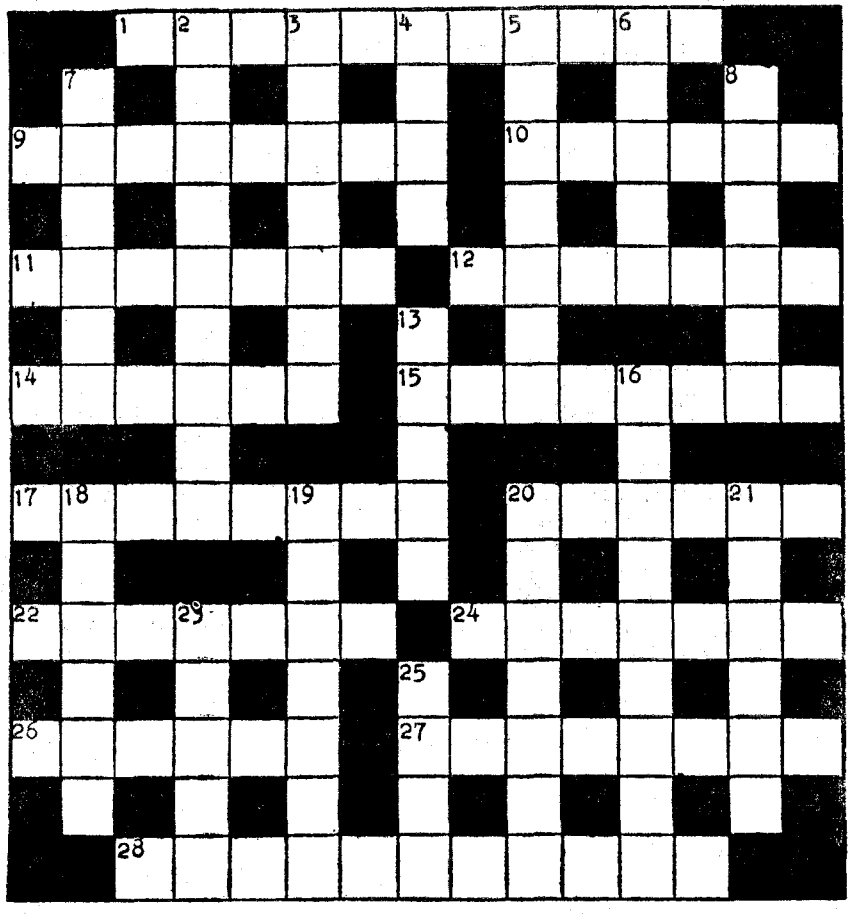

ACROSS:

1 The craft of 12 could have an alarming conclusion, but it's barely noticeable. (11)
9 One who delivered more acid, possibly? (8)
10 Trouble inside, but it's little credit to the units! (6)
11 Pushing back the dirt's always showing such a superior position! (7)
12 Not a regular team to become less active. (7)
14 He taught Elizabeth a few things! (6)
15 What might be paid back in the revolutionary "land of cotton"? One might be obsessed with it. (4,4)
17 What Sidney Carton did, not better, but of relatively little worth. (8)
20, 13 and 7 down Half of the team incapable of remolding character? (3,3,5,6)
22 and 16 down. This might make a messenger speak loudly and bitterly of dangerous material to drop. (7,9)
24 A husband might be, seeing bills for that new coat! (7)
26 One sees this sort of work about 4, in the city. (6)
27 Reputedly indulged in the sincerest form of flattery. (8)
28 Be like a Cincinnati player around the National, perhaps—completely surrounded. (11)

DOWN:

2 Didn't quite hit the target, such as a waterwheel for example? (9)
3 A relatively smooth form of the rocky road? (7)
4 Comparatively right wet and drippy! (4)
5 If they do this to you, you might not complain about being taken in. (7)
6 Does it involve a pile-up if you do as the priest might have said? (5)
7 See 20 across
8 A number around hippy headquarters show the flower, in part. (6)
13 See 20 across
16 See 22 across
18 Producing something to put on the salad —in just one shake! (6)
19 Wheat, for example, that is found around Arthur's mother. (7)
20 Using harsh words. (7)
21 See 23 down
23 and 21 The contents of long-distance vans isn't trimmed as flat as possible. (5-6)
25 Call up for the opera series? (4)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1225

ACROSS: 1 Medication; 6 Isn't; 10 Nominee; 11 Plenary; 12 Conjunctivitis; 14 Reserves; 15 Escape; 18 Windrows; 22 and 16 On the spur of the moment; 24 Set free; 25 Imagoes; 26 Ears; 27 Interested. DOWN: 1 Monochrome; 2 Demands; 3 Conquering hero; 4 Treacle; 5 Orphic; 7 Stamina; 8 Toys; 9 Devil's advocate; 13 Reassessed; 17 Monitor; 19 Inutile; 20 Outpost; 21 Astern; 23 Ashe.

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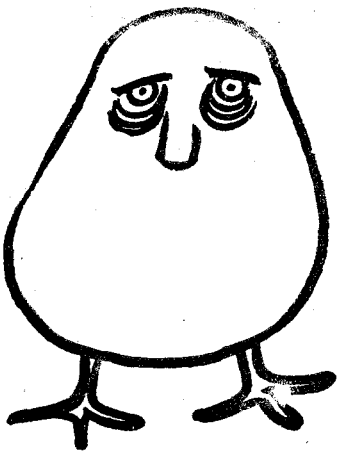
"Aarrrggh!"



Above is the verbatim testimonial of a typically confused subscriber who can't tell our journalism from our satire; as a matter of principle there are never any labels in **The Realist** because we prefer readers to dig their own incredibility gap. Below are the highlights of our five most **"Aarrrggh!"** issues; they cost $1 or they're free with a subscription.

****"The Parts That Were Left Out of the Kennedy Book"**—the feature that caused the largest number of subscription cancellations in 9 years; plus **"Case History of the Manchester Caper"**—a follow-up on the background and repercussions of that feature.

****Cartoons**—the offensive ones by pros like Ed Fisher that get rejected by commercial periodicals; and spreads created specifically for **The Realist**—the Disneyland Memorial Orgy, the Junkie Battalion, Ed Sorel's **I've Got Rhythm** movie poster.

****"The Cynic Route from Crazy SANE to Loving Haight"**—all about cheerleaders at a peace rally; the LSD game; behind the scenes with the Diggers, the Joe Pyne show and the League for Sexual Freedom.

****Celebrity Mucking**—"An Impolite Interview with Woody Allen"; Steve Allen describes a bizarre dinner with William F. Buckley; "Dick Gregory and His Mississippi Airlift"; Norman Mailer's speech at Berkeley.

****"Legal and Actual Concentration Camps in America"**—a legacy of the McCarran Act, still ready and waiting—revisited by Charles R. Allen, the man who first broke the story in 1952.

****"Blow-Up, Psychedelic Sexualis and The War Game"**—three contemporary films and how they relate to **Great Moments in Violence,** from Tompkins Sq. Park to LBJ's $1000-a-plate bash; latterday hedonism, from hippyland to the Renaissance Pleasure Faire; and infamous personalities, from Mort Sahl to Herman Kahn.

****Soft-Core Pornography**—the obscene telephone calling service; the homosexual editor of a girlie magazine; in defense of those little comic books that men like.

****Old Fashioned Exposes**—The President's ranch holdings; Hell's Angels as patriots; secret budget for CIA expenditures; Marvin Kitman's advice to the veteran-lorn; the sex life of J. Edgar Hoover; the future of flag-burning; Who Killed Adlai Stevenson?

****Sacrilegious Dept.**—The Americanization of Zen; The Devil's Visit to New York; Little Orphan Annie's campaign against Mental Health.

****Inside Reports**—from Hanoi, the Dominican Republic and the final Bratwurst Festival in Sheboygan, Wisconsin.

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